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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MR. PHILLIPS ON MR. GARRISON.

From The Independent.

In another column will be found an eloquent eulogy upon Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, from the pen of his friend and admiring co-laborer, Wendell Phillips, Esq. In a question which has reference solely to Mr. Garrison's declared views of the Bible, and which that gentleman might answer in a single sentence, Mr. Phillips has no claim upon us, either of fairness or of courtesy, for the space which we have given to his communication. But as we would misrepresent no man, and desire only the truth, we willingly publish his vindication of his friend from his own stand-point.

This is only a portion of a letter addressed by him to *The Independent* to vindicate Mr. Garrison from the imputation of infidel sentiments. Much of that letter is devoted to Mr. Phillips's personal criticisms upon this journal, and upon the Churches and the ministry in their relations to slavery. These he is at perfect liberty to utter through his accustomed channels, and he is never backward to indulge in such personality and invective when he has the opportunity, upon the platform or through the press. But comments of this description are not at all relevant to the question of Mr. Garrison's opinion of the Bible; and, therefore, we publish only that portion —but the *entire* portion—of the letter which is in evidence upon that point. We have no personal controversy either with Mr. Phillips or with Mr. Garrison. We have cast no stigma upon Mr. Garrison's character, and have made no assault upon his personal reputation. We have to do only with his apparent contempt for the authority of the Bible.

This reminds us to say that the portion of Mr. Phillips's letter which we omit to publish is based largely upon a misapprehension of our criticism of Mr. Garrison. Mr. P. reiterates that *The Independent* has stigmatized Mr. Garrison as an "infidel of the most degraded class"; and much of the feeling apparent in his letter may be traced to that phrase. Knowing that we had never used such an expression in the editorial columns of this journal, we were quite at a loss to account for it, until, after much searching, we found that these words occurred, in a parenthetic way, in a notice of Dr. Hare's work on Spiritualism, published under the "Editors' Table" some years ago. On inquiry we find that this book was sent for notice to a gentleman familiar with the medical and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, and that the critique from his pen was inserted under the "Editors' Table," without the supervision of either of the editors of this journal. The author of the review now informs us that he intended by it to describe "a low grade of infidel sentiment," and not degradation of character or in moral associations. But even in this qualified sense we would not apply the phrase to Mr. Garrison, in view of anything which we have yet seen from his pen; for the common mind would associate with such a phrase both the opinions and the character of a Paine. So far, then, as the editors of this journal are concerned, the appearance of such an expression in our columns was an oversight; and the application of it to Mr. Garrison is not justified by anything that we have ever known of that gentleman.

What *we* have said, editorially, of Mr. Garrison is simply this. The tone of mind which could lead or suffer one to speak of the Bible contemptuously as a "parchment" to which he would not think of looking as an authority upon moral questions, is utterly inconsistent with a humble and devout recognition of the Bible as the Word of God. Like an oath dropped unguardedly from the lips of a reputed gentleman, such a sneer at the Bible reveals a habitual irreverence of mind. The quotations which Mr. Phillips makes from other writings of his friend may somewhat relieve the painful impression made upon us by this incautious sneer; but we look in vain, here or elsewhere in the utterances of Mr. Garrison, for any such reverent recognition of God's Word, as a supernatural revelation, as marks the Christian's faith in opposition to the infidel cavils of these times.

The Liberator is quite free and abundant in its cavils against Christianity as a supernatural revelation from God, a divinely provided way of salvation for sinners, an authoritative code *because* given by God. The essential infidelity disclosed by such cavils is the sole point of our criticism. We have no wish to cast a stigma upon the name of any man; we wish only to wipe off the reproaches that men have cast upon the Bible. We assail no man's character or position because of his opinions; but when his opinions would bring the Bible into contempt, we must characterize them as belonging to the school of infidelity. It was, we apprehend, the discovery of a tendency toward infidelity which led so many good and true men, years ago—the Phelpses, the Tappans, the Leavitts of the earlier anti-slavery conflict—to break off their personal connection with the Garrisonian movement; because that movement was becoming more *Garrisonian* than *anti-slavery*—having for its central idea the belief that Mr. Garrison is almost, if not quite, coördinate with Jesus himself as a Reformer of the world.

The eulogy of Mr. Phillips upon his friend might be more worthily pronounced upon himself. All that he says of the moral integrity of Mr. Garrison may here be accorded without controversy; but the character of that gentleman is not under discussion, and this may be better reviewed when his career is finished. We are behind none in honoring his life-long devotion to the emancipation of the oppressed. Yet we are sure that Mr. Phillips has quite misconceived the attitude of the Boston ministers of thirty years ago upon the subject of slavery; and that he exaggerates the services of Mr. Garrison in contrast with theirs. There was something in the Garrisonian movement, other than its opposition to slavery, [illegible] Christian sympathies at the first were all with Mr. Garrison, gradually to leave him to work in his own way. The belief that there is one God does not compel us also to believe that Mohammed is his prophet; and a true anti-slavery faith does not require us to accept Mr. Garrison as its representative and expounder. Garrison-*ism* and hostility to slavery as an iniquity to be abolished are not identical. The spirit of that *ism* finds a fit illustration in some portions of this eulogy. Mr. Phillips professes to believe that the origin of *The Tribune* and *The Independent*, and all the present political agitation on the subject of slavery, is due to Mr. Garrison and his school; as if these gentlemen caused the Honstonization and annexation of Texas—the war with Mexico and the acquisition of the Mexican provinces—the discovery of gold in California and the sudden rush of emigration thither—the compromises of 1850 and the violation of those compromises by the Pierce Administration—the Kansas outrages and their result! Mr. Garrison has had as little influence over the progress of these events, and the great cosmic forces that have governed them, as a paper kite has over a thunder-storm. The great agitation of the day is on the question whether the Federal Constitution recognizes slaves as property. Mr. Garrison says it *does*, and he has been laboring for twenty years to make the people think so—burning a spare copy of the Constitution now and then in a theatrical imitation of Luther's burning the Pope's bull. How far has he succeeded? Is he the father of the Republican party? Does William H. Seward accept his exposition of the Constitution.

Do Mr. Garrison and his handful of retainers, the men who have always opposed political action against slavery, and have done their utmost to malign and destroy those engaged in such action, as hindrances to the slaves' emancipation—the men who have denounced the Constitution of the United States as bearing the very construction which the slavocracy is trying to force upon it—the men who have reviled the religious faith held by tens of thousands of their countrymen, the ministry who preach that faith, and the churches that represent it—the men who, shunning the only field where the struggle against slavery can be waged to any purpose, have kept like Chinese soldiers within and around their narrow fort, beating horrid gongs and burning sulphurous compounds—are these the men before whom the Convention at Charleston trembles, or who will guide the intelligent and effective anti-slavery sentiment of the country in the open field of November? It is time that the transcendent egotism and nonsense of these pretences were exposed; and we thank Mr. Phillips for presenting them with such ludicrous assurance.

With these remarks, we leave the question in which they originated to the judgment of the Christian public. We have sought no controversy with gentlemen who are laboring, according to their honest convictions, for the overthrow of slavery. We would interpose no obstacle to their efforts in such a work. Impelled alike by our reverence for the Word of God, and our regard for the cause of the poor and oppressed, we have uttered our protest against the habit of sneering at the Bible in the name of philanthropy. We must rid Philanthropy of such associations. Neither infidelity nor malignity will further its aims; the *spirit* of the Gospel must breathe through its utterances, and guide its movements. A word from Mr. Garrison would define his position in this matter better than all the eulogies of his friends. In studying the quotations which Mr. Phillips has sent us, we find them altogether vague upon the point of the divine authority of Christ and his religion. Mr. Garrison here gives no definition or hint of what "the true Church" is —or whether it is founded on Christ or something else. In one stanza, indeed, he speaks of following the "footsteps of God's Son"—of "running the Christian race with martyrs"—of "taking up one's cross"—of God's "promises"—and of "the Lord Jehovah"; but one word acknowledging Christ as a Redeemer from Sin, or the Bible as an authoritative record of God's revelation and God's promise—one such word *now* or recently proceeding from Mr. G. would be worth much more than all these poetic effusions, which we suspect were written and published before the poet had lapsed into the position which *The Liberator* now occupies toward a supernatural Christianity.

THE STANDARD.

THE "INFIDELITY" OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A LETTER TO THE INDEPENDENT.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To The Independent: Will you allow me a place in your columns? I observe that one of your editors calls my honored friend, Mr. Garrison, "an infidel." His character, place in history and eminent services to our age are now too well settled and recognized to need further assertion or any defence. This attempt to make him odious, pitiable in itself, takes fresh ridicule from its laughable parade of Dictionaries to settle the meaning of a word about whose signification, as your editor shows, the best Dictionaries differ, and which has no definite meaning, any more than "short" and "tall," "large" and "little," but takes its color from the position of the speaker. Originally meant, probably, to designate Mahommedans and Pagans, it now, at Rome, includes all Protestants, and at London more than half of us; while for *popular* use for all, *as your editor confesses*, except "those well read in the history of opinions and intelligent in the use of language," it stigmatizes the low, sensual and selfish foe of all religious sentiment and belief, "the blasphemy of Voltaire and the debauchery of Paine," as he chooses to phrase it. After allowing this, your editor still persists in its use. Is *The Independent*, then (edited by one man at least who cannot understand an English sentence), published only for men who sit with Ritter and Cousin's "Histories of Opinions" in their hands, Webster's Dictionary on one side and Worcester's on the other? Or, pledged to "*speak not as pleasing men, but God*," has it so little sympathy with one of the most laborious and unselfish of the servants of our age that, with lazy indifference, it "speaks" of him in words which, it allows, more than half its readers must misunderstand? Using an epithet which, in controversy, every candid man avoids, mindful that as "Orthodoxy means *my* doxy, and Heterodoxy means *other men's* doxy," so *Fidelity* (to coin a word) means believing as the speaker does, and *Infidelity* is disagreeing with him; an epithet which your editor insists on using solely to fix unmerited odium on the object of his hatred—being one whom it is yet safe and gainful to misrepresent—well knowing, and throughout his articles showing that he knows, that the simple statement of the real truth, that he and Mr. Garrison differ as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, would bring no odium at all. A lie is the use of words which you know your hearer will misunderstand. How long shall "theological hate" keep the unenviable preëminence of being the most unscrupulous of all? What were Mr. Garrison's words?

"We commend this (Dr. Cheever's) work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to depend on any parchment whatever."

No candid man, competent for the service of a public journal, would ever infer from these words that Mr. Garrison did not "profess to revere the Scriptures," or was an infidel, denying "the divine origin of Christianity." Your editor would never dare or dream to say of Moses Stuart that he did not "revere the Scriptures" and was an "infidel," though it would be hard to class his creed under any theory of Plenary, or any other, Inspiration. No man can point to word or act of Mr. Garrison which denies the divine origin of Christianity. On the contrary, his whole life and utterance have been one sublime confession of his faith therein.

I do not, however, come with Dictionaries "doubled down in dog's ears" to contest this epithet ("infidel") with one who, judged by his criticism of Mr. Garrison's language, needs a conscience or a grammar far more than a Dictionary. But you remember that though Salem's idea of witchcraft, in 1692, is of no consequence in a scientific point of view, still the antiquary values it as an excellent test of the intelligence and humanity of Salem at that time. In the same way, by recalling some of the prominent traits of Mr. Garrison's character and career, we shall get this writer's notion of an "*infidel of a most degraded class*," and thus provide ourselves with an accurate test of his intelligence and Christianity—a matter of no consequence, to be sure, except in so far as your editor, standing in your columns and reiterating this charge from year to year, uncontradicted by his associates, may be considered to represent the opinion of *The Independent*.

[The foregoing paragraphs *The Independent* refused to publish. To those which follow it gave place, making them a text for the article which the reader will find in the Pro Slavery column.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Who, then, is William Lloyd Garrison? The most hated man in all America, upon whom the malignant eyes of twenty million of people have been fastened for thirty years. But, though living under such a scrutiny, and while press and pulpit have vented without stint the grossest misrepresentation of his purposes and creed, no lip has yet been found reckless enough to breathe a doubt of the spotless purity of his private life; or to suspect that he acts or refrains from acting, speaks or keeps silence, from fear of man, love of gain, or desire of applause. Utter uprightness, honest intention, transparent sincerity, fearlessness in speaking his own thoughts, and entire willingness that every other man's should be heard; a life of ceaseless and unselfish toil for others—these have never been denied him. And all this, so much to say of any man, seems so trifling and negative a merit, side by side with his eminent services and brave life, that hardly any one takes note of it.

Temperance is the watchword of the first and one of the hardest battles which this generation has been called to fight. On how many a Christian profession has it written "Ichabod"—while the world, well knowing the fierceness of the struggle, has pitied the conquered almost as much as it condemned him. In the bloom of his youth (1827), we find Mr. Garrison the editor of the first journal devoted to the principle of *total abstinence*, at a time when hardly one pulpit had wakened to this sin of intemperance. Ever since then, he has stood the consistent and devoted servant of this hard reform.

"Overcome Evil with Good" is the lesson of the Cross. From boyhood we find this man braving a corrupt public opinion at every sacrifice, shrinking from no peril, yet, when plundered, assaulted, mobbed, pursued with foul and relentless libels for thirty years, never seeking defence by violence or damages at law, but bearing patiently the scorn of pulpit and press, and charged even with infidelity for his *non-resistance*—for being willing, when smitten on the right cheek, to turn the other also. But meanwhile he was the leader whose company was publicly thanked by Dr. Channing, "in the name of freedom and humanity," as having "saved the right of free speech."

In a nation calling itself Christian, when every sixth man was a slave, and every sixth woman was doomed to prostitution by law, and while all men cowered in the belief that they could not safely change this state of things, he was the first to trust God that it was safe to do right, and to preach the duty of Immediate Emancipation. His was the heart so divinely touched as to be first to waken to this sin, and to speak God's rebuke. "*My* sheep, hear my voice." Your face may reflect sunlight on block or marble without effect for three-score years and ten; but let it fall once on the *prepared* metal, and your likeness is there forever.

A devoted attendant, at that time, on the services of the Church, he seeks at once, with undoubting trust, her aid. Several of the Boston ministers listen to his statement and wishes. Worse than priest and Levite, passing by on the other side, they join the thieves to strip, wound and leave him half dead. Undaunted, alone, he resolves. "I will not equivocate, I will not retract, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." Young, steeped in poverty to the very lips, yet full of talent, and able to have carved out for himself a career as easy and successful as the editor of *The Tribune*, with no greater ability and in the same path, has done, he devotes himself disinterestedly to the help of the slave; living on bread and water, and sleeping beneath his printing forms, that he may have wherewith to preach to a besotted nation the gospel of humanity and justice. The envious pulpit, rebuked by his fidelity, spits at him its continual venom. He answers year by year only with entreaty and appeal, hopeful and trusting that soon the Christianity of the land will rally to his side. Slowly, with sad reluctance, he sees his mistake, and girds himself to rebuke the pretenders whom he had mistaken for servants of the Master whose footsteps he seeks to follow.

The most familiar book to his lips is the Bible, and the first suspicion of infidelity he excites comes from his asserting that the "*Book of books*," as he calls it, does not sanction human bondage, while the whole Church, through the lips of Andover and Princeton, asserts that it does.

In all these pure and Christian labors, he seeks no aid against slavery and intemperance but that of enlightened reason and a Christian conscience; appeals only to the highest motives; attacks slavery as a SIN, hateful to God, and as such calls on men to quit it; holds the standard of moral purity and rigid right so high that a grave Senator derides him as "too —— virtuous," amid the plaudits of his *fellow* church-members; resigns his vote and his chance of civil place and office from a scrupulous delicacy of conscience which the careless ethics of the pulpit deem Quixotic. Holding up the most unpopular and momentous cause that our age has stirred, instead of aid from organizations that call themselves Christian, their opposition, rebuke, *slander* and *violence* have dogged his steps. The most Christ-like man of the age, tested by his spirit and labors—engaged in those tasks which alone save our faith, here and now, from the well-deserved scorn of the unbeliever—will be truly known only when history digs out his character from beneath the lies with which professed Christians have cumbered and blocked his path.

Reckless aspirants mount into office by calling him fanatic; well-fed pulpits keep the favor of their rich pews by denouncing him as an "infidel." Heedless of both, he holds on his even way till, at length, God gives him the seal of his apostleship, and an awakened nation girds itself to its duty.

"And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and *he followeth not us*; and we forbad him because he *followeth not us*.

"But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man WHICH SHALL DO A MIRACLE IN MY NAME, that can lightly speak evil of me."—Mark ix. 38, 39.

Mr. Garrison called *The Tribune* into being with one hand, and *The Independent* with the other. The first, planted in the soil of his labors and grown rich from the dew with which he has watered it, has yet to give him the first fitting word of acknowledgment or respect; and the last still persists in denouncing that heart and brain which dug both it and the nation out of *The New York Observer*, as "an infidel of the most degraded class"; while the heartiest recognition of the services of both to the slave's cause could be culled from the generous pen of the man they malign.

A man of peace, hated of the world because testifying of its evil—seeking not his own—instant in season and out of season about his Father's business—remembering the fatherless and the widow, and keeping himself unspotted from the world—taking no thought for the morrow, but busy in life-long, untiring and unselfish toil for the highest interests of his fellow-men—with a serene faith that bates no jot of hope in the darkest hour—merciful, pure in heart, a peace-maker, and earning another blessing of the "Mount," since men revile and persecute and say all manner of evil of him falsely for Christ's sake—moulding all who approach him to a kindred self-denial and devotedness, and filling them with a profound interest in all that tends to make men purer, happier and better—seeking noble ends by pure means, in a Christian spirit—his labors crowned with a success which only God on his side could give—he breathes a spirit which leads him to say of the Bible:

"To no other volume do I turn with so much interest; no other do I consult or refer to so frequently; to no other am I so indebted for light and strength; no other is so identified with the growth of human freedom and progress; no other have I appealed to so effectively in aid of the various reformatory movements which I have espoused, and it embodies an amount of excellence so great as to make it, in my estimation, THE BOOK OF BOOKS." (*Garrison's Writings, p. 229.*)

Is this the language of Infidelity? Read, too, the reverent lines in which he has expressed his thought of

THE TRUE CHURCH.

"Church of the living God! in vain thy foes
Make thee, in impious mirth, their laughing-stock,
Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock:
In vain their threats, and impotent their blows—
Satan's assaults—Hell's agonizing throes!
For thou art built upon th' Eternal Rock,
Nor fear'st the thunder-storm, the earthquake shock,
And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.
All human combinations change and die,
Whate'er their origin, name, form, design;
But, firmer than the pillars of the sky,
Thou standest ever by a power divine;
Thou art endowed with Immortality,
And canst not perish—GOD'S OWN LIFE IS THINE!"
(*Garrison's Writings, p. 115.*)

Read, too, the following confession of his Christian faith:

* * * * * * *

IV.

"What is before me, Lord, is known to thee;
To me all is unknown, except thy will,
That I in all things should obedient be,
Come weal or woe, come present good or ill—
Nor fear those who the body only kill.
Thy will is mine, and let thy will be done!
Thy light and love my spirit sweetly fill;
Following with zeal the footsteps of thy Son,
With martyrs I rejoice the Christian race to run.

V.

"E'en to this hour, to public gaze I stand,
An object feared, rejected, and abhorred;
And for my labors to redeem the land,
Reproach and infamy are my reward:
But time shall justice unto me accord.
To him who, for Thy sake, takes up his cross,
Thy promises are rich and sure, O Lord!
Fire from th' adulterate ore extracts but dross,
But the pure gold sustains, and can sustain, no loss.

VI.

"Conrage, O friends! a thousand fields are won!
Ten thousand foes lie prostrate in the dust!
Your task, though onerous, is nearly done;
Still in the Lord Jehovah be your trust,
And victory crowns you, for your cause is just."
(*Garrison's Writings, p. 371.*)

[Here *The Independent* rested, meanly refusing to print what follows.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Bitter enemies of Mr. Garrison will allow all I have claimed. Now, if such a man, the writer of what I have quoted, is an "infidel," how shall we paint a Christian? If Webster's Dictionary can tell us—and he seems the ultimate and infallible authority of your editor—and a Christian be as he says:

"A real disciple of Christ; one who believes in the truth of the Christian religion and studies to follow the example and obey the precepts of Christ; a believer in Christ who is characterised by real piety;"

how few lives would as well answer this description? If, indeed, as your editor has discovered in his last article, many of these traits are often exhibited by those who really do not believe in the divine origin of Christianity —if one dowered with all these virtues and crowned with all these graces is, after all, no Christian, pray where is the need of being one, and what is the use of Christianity? Taught by the Bible, long before the light of *The Independent* dawned on me, that "the tree is known by its fruit," and that "every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above and cometh down from the Father of Light," I cannot, as a Christian, afford to grant that such *grapes* as these grow on *infidel thorns*. I honor John Calvin, sympathizing with him in the disgust he doubtless feels for many who take his name; and, for that very reason, I protest against bringing a dry, leafless tree of mere Calvinistic doctrine, with a New York or South-side Doctor of Divinity snugly perched on its topmost bough, into comparison with this luxuriant pride of the orchard, bending under ripe fruit. Pope, I think, asks "what must be the priest where a monkey is the God?" Let me change the question and ask, what must be the pulpit in whose sight the man I have sketched is an "infidel of a most degraded class"?

Shall we seek our ideal of Christianity in a pulpit whose "manhood is melted into courtesies"; whose pews eloquent and unscrupulous attorneys seek on Sunday as a "place of rest, sure never to be reminded of their day's work"; whose conscience, like that of the timid neutral in Cromwell's time,

——"is a thing
That troubles neither Church nor King";

whose gospel is preached in New Orleans without making a ripple, and is one that rumsellers delight to honor; which, like the Jesuit, "lengthens the creed and shortens the Decalogue"; which claims to have educated for us two generations, speaking with such "bated breath and whispered humbleness" that to-day we stand without sufficient mercantile integrity to manage our great moneyed corporations, or law enough to punish the plunderers; with statesmen who do not even pretend to vindicate the morality of the Constitution which they swear to uphold, and a nation which, making right an appendage to expediency and patriotism a mantle for plunder, is madly in love with the vilest system of slavery the sun ever saw? Such a pulpit calls Garrison an "infidel of a most degraded class."

In the sixteenth century the Pope excommunicated Luther, and Luther excommunicated the Pope. The startled crowd doubtless thought the Pope's word, seated as he was in a pulpit and dressed in canonicals, was both the first death and the second to the poor monk; and when Luther retorted, they trembled at what seemed his blasphemy. But to-day we see that the Pope's excommunication was mere angry noise, and that Luther's was the voice of God. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Boston, April 20, 1860.

WHAT MUST BE DONE TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.*

What can we do, what ought we to do, to abolish slavery?

In the first place, we are *not* to ask at the Urim and Thummim of a political party what we shall do, how we shall manage God's artillery, whether we shall use it at all; nor are we to take their political barometer for our guide, nor their compass of expediency. To do this would be just acting over again the part of the false prophets at the court of Ahab, or of Saul in consultation with the Witch of Endor. On the contrary, we are bound to strike the lightnings of God's Word through the whole political system. Nothing less than this can be our duty, nor any keeping back of this, under the pretence that it is out of season, or inexpedient, or damaging to the interests of the party whom we desire to succeed. If we have a party, as Christians, if there be a party containing enough principle to make it possible for Christians to give that party their votes, it can only be because, and so far as, that party stands up boldly, firmly, uncompromisingly, for right against wrong, for freedom against slavery, for freedom as God's gift to the blacks as completely as to the whites, for freedom as the right of the enslaved as truly and unquestionably as of their masters. We cannot be faithful to God and vote for any man or men of any party who dare to guarantee the continuance of slavery, the cruel, permanent, murderous debasement of millions of our fellow-beings in the condition of chattelism for themselves and their posterity; who dare pledge themselves, before God, that if any of the wretched victims of such cruelty endeavor to escape, they will stand as human wolves, in the name of the Constitution and a conservative party, to catch them, and throw them back into the furnace of oppression, guaranteeing the execution of the infamous Fugitive Slave bill, and the protection of slave property, as a vested interest and right! Guaranteeing what God has reprobated as man stealing, and commanded should be punished with death, as a solemn privilege and monopoly not to be broken up nor even interfered with, directly or indirectly. If any political party suppose that they can cajole true-hearted Christians into the support of such a monstrous bargain with Satan for the sake of political success, that they can make a catspaw of our piety just to get their chestnuts from the fire, they are mistaken.

What, then, ought we to do? Our weapons being the Word of God applied to the conscience, we must go against this wickedness as a sin against God. That is our mission and our commission from him. We are to go for the abolition of this wickedness as a sin now, as a sin where it is, a sin that must be abolished, a sin that we purpose to abolish, a sin that must either abolish Christianity or Christianity must abolish it. In God's name we must denounce it as a cruelty and wickedness upon present millions, whom we are commanded of God to deliver and relieve. God does not call upon us not to do this wickedness in Oregon, but to cease to do it in Virginia and Alabama. We are not called upon to put an injunction upon the manufacture of yokes for the Territories, but to break every yoke in the States, and to let the oppressed go free, those that are already oppressed. It is abolition that God makes our duty, or it is nothing. It is duty toward God and our oppressed brethren in bonds that God insists upon, and not expediency in regard to those that are free, and are laboring only for the security of their own freedom. And the question being that of duty in regard to that which is wrong, not in regard to what is merely expedient, the work for conscience, the work for a Christian, the path of truth and piety, the duty, the obligation, the necessity, imperious and immediate, is that of abolition, or it is nothing. And especially we maintain that if we, with God's Word, do not, dare not, cannot, preach the abolition of this wickedness and cruelty as a sin against God at once to be abandoned, then we cannot expect that any political party whatever will take ground against it, or proclaim deliverance to the captive as at all within the sphere of duty or the scope of possibility. It will not come into the mind of the politicians as a thing even to be agitated, and much more an interference with it in any way will not be admitted upon their platforms, unless in the consciences, with the whole heart of Christians under the Word and Spirit of God, it is felt and proclaimed as a cruelty and a sin to be utterly renounced. Unless Christians, unless the Churches obey God, and set the example, the politicians will not admit, even in theory, any other god than expediency and mammon. Unless Christians stand forth in defence of the enslaved as their brethren, and claim, in God's name, earnestly, impartially, persistently, that their case be attended to, and their rights as God's creatures be restored to them, politicians will ignore them, will refuse even the discussion of the question of freedom in regard to them. And it is even coming to this, it *has* come, that the possession of our own rights of conscience, and the preservation and enjoyment of our own freedom of opinion and of speech, depend upon our faithfulness to God in asserting and defending the rights of those from whom they have been cruelly taken away. We must demand freedom for the enslaved, in order that the politicians may even be impelled or encouraged to maintain freedom for the whites. Abolition is what we must urge on principle, or the politicians will not even urge anti-slavery extension on policy. There is no principle except that which demands abolition; and who does not know that in regard to such a medicine the market will not endure the pure drug, but that, for use and mercantile operations, there has to be an adulteration of more than a hundred per cent? But if the pure drug is not kept somewhere, there will no remnant of it be left anywhere, no dilution, no impartation of its energy, nothing of its virtuous element, not even the fragrance or the scent sealed up in bottles, not so much as for a grace to the sentiment of freedom. If there is any such thing, in reality, as anti-slavery extension principle, it is just because, and only because, in some hearts higher up there is a burning hatred against the sin of slaveholding, a conscience towards God that in anguish cries out for the deliverance of the enslaved; only just because, nearer to God, nearer to heaven, there is a party of conscientious, determined Abolitionists. They and they only come from God, with God's Word, and do God's work; for God says nothing at all against this sin unless he says abolish it; and God says nothing against it unless as a sin. They and they only come down from the mount, with God's Word in heart and hand, and God's Spirit working with his Word, surveying, cutting, burning. They are the pioneers, they tread down the thorns, they struggle through the ditches, and bridge the moats for others, they receive the first fire, and protect those that come after, they thunder at the walls, they break open the breaches, they are the wedges, they are the Winkelreids gathering into their embrace, into their own bodies, the sheaves of spears, that, thus occupied and encumbered, leave a gap for victory to enter. Abolition of slavery for those that are enslaved is the only thing of principle in this conflict. Selfishness is not principle. Monopoly of freedom for white men is not principle. And the principles of duty to the enslaved are not to be learned from politicians, but from God; not from ecclesiastical convocations and rules either, but only from God's Word. The mode of action and success is to be learned only there, the true expediency only there. It is only by celestial observations that terrestial charts can be constructed. If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own? The privilege of choosing for ourselves whether we will have slavery or not, at the same time entirely disregarding the rights of those already enslaved, is not principle. A refusal to have slavery extended among ourselves, accompanied with a refusal to meddle with slavery, a pledge not to interfere, directly or indirectly, with its vested interests, and a promise to guarantee its security as a sacred right, is not principle. It is the sheerest, most unalloyed selfishness. It is the protection and sanction of villany, so long as it does not touch ourselves. It is just as if Paul had made a bargain with the Athenians and the Court at Areopagus not to meddle with their idolatry, but to guarantee it as a vested right wherever it already existed by law, if they would only agree not to extend it into the provinces of Judea. It is just as if the Hebrew people and priests had agreed with Jeroboam to guarantee the undisturbed worship of his golden calves if he would not extend it across the line into the territories of the house of David. The compromise with sin for profit is degrading and disgraceful even in Pagans, but in Christians, how much worse! And such a sin as that of making merchandise of man, that even this sin should find defenders, and men to shake hands with it, and with the slaveholders, sympathizing with them as abused men when the word of God is applied to their occupation, and it is shown to be piracy and man-stealing, that the sin of making merchandise of men should find defenders on the very avowed ground, and with the very argument, that it helps the merchandise of goods, that the more men are disposed of as merchandise at the South, the more goods will be disposed of as merchandise at the North, so that the bargain is just this, you buy my merchandise in goods, and I will guarantee yours in crime, yours in the bodies and souls that are so valuable in the market. This compromise being effected, not only is it important to get everything out of the way that interferes with its success, but everything that tends to expose its infinite meanness as well as wickedness, everything that would brand it with disgrace, must be kept down, out of sight. Above all, the exposure of this conspiracy against the morals and the souls of men must not be permitted in the pulpit. If men, by bribing, by threatening, by suffocating with popularity, by flattery, by fashion, by starvation, by public scorn, by revilings and reproaches, can persuade or terrify the pulpit into silence, they can gain every other victory at a much cheaper rate. To this end, do as the colored congregations have to do South, buy their minister and own him, in order that you may be secure. Set Simon Magus at him; and if he thunders at Simon Magus, then call him a slanderer, an accuser of his brethren, a disturber of the Church, a troubler in Israel, whose preaching diminishes the revenues and therefore prevents the mission of the Church. You know how hard it is to upset monopolies. Wherever a great moneyed interest prevails, or a wrong strengthened by age has become the source of profit to many, there it is next to impossible to produce a change. They cannot even get pure water brought in a free and abundant supply into the City of Paris, because there are so many thousand water-carriers that make a living by furnishing water by the pailful. Now, here are our drygoods merchants, they can make so much money by selling their goods that you cannot get their consent to the free and open advocacy of principle. They even petition for the establishment of slavery among ourselves, because that would so much increase and so firmly establish our Southern custom. They would put a quietus on our pulpits, because they are afraid to be known to belong to Churches where slavery is spoken against. Everything of truth, holiness, mercy, must give place to interest; and slavery says, Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Men take counsel at their stocks and their staff declareth unto them. Meantime, our modern theological Ephraims declare that, on consulting Webster and Worcester, their definitions of the word slave leave the question of the inherent sinfulness of slavery so open and undecided a question that, in consequence of the imperfection of language, we must be satisfied with doubt. It becomes manifest that the only thing that hath substance is profit, and that the idea of so undefinable a substance as slavery being held to acount as *malum in se*, inherently sinful, sinful in itself, is full of mischief, introducing a vain abstraction instead of a reality. In all my labors, saith Ephraim, they shall find in me none iniquity that were sin, for I have found me out substance, I am become rich. That being the case, no inquest of theology shall find any such iniquity in the means of becoming rich, as can be pronounced in itself sin. There is no dictionary that doth so define it.

But we do not mean to waste a moment's time in fighting against such wretched technicalities.

* Extract from his Sermon, preached on Sunday, April 29th.

THE FAMILY QUARREL.

From The Evening Post.

The members of the Charleston Convention who stood their ground, having adjourned to meet again at Baltimore on the 18th of June, and the seceding members having resolved to address the people in behalf of their course, the interest of the feud between the two factions of the Democratic party is kept alive. It was undoubtedly expected by the Convention that some means would be found to compose the quarrel and to unite the entire party upon one candidate, or no postponement would have been had. Two-thirds of the delegates who remained at their post were friends of Douglas, at least in name, and if it was intended to nominate him independently of the rest of the party, they had the opportunity in their hands; they might have given him the vote of the Convention, and then, considering their work as ended, might have adjourned without day.

It seems clear to us, therefore, that the majority of that Convention, after they had become fully acquainted with the temper of the delegates from the slave States, had no idea of nominating Douglas. Immediately after the secession they adopted a resolution which made his nomination impossible; they agreed that it should require two hundred and two votes in the Convention, or two-thirds of the whole number of delegates, including those who had withdrawn from them and sat with them no longer, as necessary to a nomination. More than fifty trials afterwards showed that Douglas could obtain but three-quarters of this number. His warmest friends must have been satisfied, before the final proceedings of the Convention, that there was not the slightest hope of his success. It is known that, among those who gave him their votes, there were several who originally thought it the wiser course to agree upon some candidate less obnoxious to the South, and it is affirmed that these, with many others, were ready to abandon Douglass and agree upon Guthrie, or some other prominent man of the slave States, as soon as they should have given what might be regarded as ample proof of having done their best for Douglas, and made his friends fully sensible that his nomination was impracticable. It is very likely that one reason of the adjournment, therefore, was a desire on the part of his friends to shield him from the mortification of an absolute rejection by the Convention. The adjournment breaks his fall, and lets him to the ground a little more lightly.

The resolution by which the regular Convention was adjourned gives as a reason—"that the States not represented may have an opportunity to fill up their delegations." But it is impossible that any new election of delegates should be had in the slave States. The constituents of the seceding delegates will stand by them, of course; it would raise a mob in most places of the South to call a meeting for the sake of appointing other delegates friendly to Douglas.

We perceive that it is understood in some quarters that the seceding delegates adjourned to meet at Richmond on the second Monday in June. This is not so—they adopted a resolution in favor of a Southern Convention, to be held at that place and time—but for themselves they adjourned *sine die*. Whether the resolution will be carried out or not, and, if so, what will then be done, we will not venture to conjecture—but the policy of that portion of the Convention who will reassemble in Baltimore is obvious. Inasmuch as they waived the opportunity of nominating Douglas when it was in their power, it is not likely that they will nominate him at Baltimore.

Nor can they, without bringing themselves into contempt, make any change in the platform which they have deliberately adopted. All that remains for them is to agree upon some candidate who has not given offence to the South—some person identified with Southern interests—and to trust to party associations, party sympathies and party policy to bring the South to his support.

Meantime, we give below the speculations of a valued correspondent, just handed to us, on the consequences to which this quarrel is likely to lead. The admonition which he deduces from the breaking up of the Convention is well worthy of attention:

"In old Roman times it was the custom, in every crisis, to offer sacrifices to the gods, and as soon as the beasts were slaughtered, the Harnspex was called to make an inspection of the entrails, yet almost quivering with life, from the varied appearances of which he derived omens of the future. Let us ratiocinate a little over the remains of the hecatomb who have been slaughtered at Charleston. Should the utterances of the oracle be somewhat obscure, general, abrupt, or even ambiguous, it will be only in accordance with our precedents.

"To begin, then, at the south end of the altar: It is evident that the leaders of the extreme South do not intend or wish to return to the Democratic party, and they will not even hold a nominating convention of their own.

"Their great card is to secure the election of the Southern man who is sure to be nominated at Baltimore for Vice-President, and prevent the election of Douglas, or of whatever Northern man may be nominated there for President.

"If Douglas or any other Northern candidate can carry free States enough to throw the election into the House of Representatives, this scheme is perfectly practicable, as Congress is now constituted, and it cannot be defeated except by the election of the Republican ticket by the people.

"If the Republican Convention makes its nominations fairly, and with ordinary good judgment, so that it can present a ticket entitled to general confidence for its firmness in resisting the demands of slavery, and free from any just suspicion of subserviency to the New York and Albany lobby, it may reasonably hope to succeed, through the force of the public will.

"But with a weak or venal ticket, the combinations of Mammonism, conservatism and scoundrelism will be too strong for us in several of the central States, and the Southern side will inevitably succeed."

THE CHARLESTON COLLAPSE.

From The Tribune.

"

had already recorded themselves in the affirmative changed to the negative; until at last but a few fragments of delegations, amounting to next to nothing in the aggregate, were left recorded in the affirmative. Thus the Platform termed minority, but which was adopted by a majority of the Convention, as ultimately adopted, stands without any allusion to the Supreme Court or its decisions; but is simply the old Cincinnati affair, with a little extra filibustering and negro-catching thrown in by way of sauce.

The subsequent proceedings of the Convention—the concerted bolt of eight or nine Southern delegations, because of the refusal of the majority to adopt the Slave-Code Platform; the fifty-seven ineffectual ballots for a candidate for President, wherein Mr. Douglas received on every ballot a majority of all the votes cast, and on several a majority of the entire Electoral Vote of the Union, yet was determinedly denied the two-thirds declared requisite to a nomination—all these are freshly in the public mind. The majority held fast to Mr. Douglas; the minority would not allow him to be nominated, and could not concentrate their votes on any one else: thus nothing remained but an adjournment, which was carried yesterday morning by a vote of 166 Ayes to 88 Noes—nearly two-thirds. So the Convention stands adjourned over, to reassemble at Baltimore on the 18th of June—a month after the nomination will have been made at Chicago. Probably the character of that nomination will greatly influence the action and the results of the adjourned gathering at Baltimore. But let the future speak for itself.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in the (new) MELODEON, in Boston, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th and 31st, commencing on WEDNESDAY, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Let this Convention, in numbers, spirit, and tone, equal and exceed those which, with such marked effect upon the public mind and conscience, have preceded it. Let every New England State be fully represented, and let the free voices of the men and women of New England find clear and full utterance through this Convention.

Friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, from beyond New England, are invited to attend.

A large array of faithful and eloquent advocates of Freedom will be present at the Convention.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec'y.

THE INDEPENDENT'S ASSAULT UPON MR. GARRISON.

THE meanest type of Jesuitism is to be found, not among the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, but nestled under the cloak of that "evangelical" Protestantism which dominates in so large a portion of the United States, impiously exalting its petty creeds above the claims of humanity, and plying its arts of moral assassination against all who dare to expose its complicity with popular sins. The Anti-Slavery Movement, at every step of its progress, has encountered the relentless hostility of the petty popes of the Protestant pulpit, who, having bargained with the Devil to be silent in regard to the great iniquity of the land, were resolved, as a means of self-protection, to cover with odium those who denounced it and sought to enlist the efforts of the people in the work of abolition. The pulpit and the so-called religious press, instead of summoning the Churches to an open conflict with slavery and taking the lead therein, have hovered about the path of the true friends of liberty only to obstruct their progress and load them with calumny. An illustration of this may be seen in the course of *The Independent*. Under cover of high anti-slavery professions, that paper treats Abolitionists with systematic injustice, caricaturing their sentiments, maligning their character, and then refusing to give them a fair hearing in their own defence. The our Doctors of Divinity who control its columns seem incapable of exercising towards us the measure of fairness which even the political journals are accustomed to award, while they descend to meannesses of which papers openly pro-slavery would scorn to be guilty. This, we know, is plain speaking; but if our readers will turn to the first page and look at the letter of WENDELL PHILLIPS, which *The Independent* mutilated, and to its comments thereon, which we have placed under the appropriate head, we are sure they will hold us justified in every word. If ever the editors of any journal were under a sacred obligation to publish the defence of a party assailed, surely the editors of *The Independent* were thus bound to publish the letter of Mr. Phillips; but even if there had been any plea upon which, without violating the claims of absolute justice, its insertion could have been refused, surely no man with a spark of honor or magnanimity in his heart could, under the circumstances, have availed himself of such a plea We venture to say that no abolition journal would ever have thought of denying a full hearing to an opponent who wished to rebut what he deemed a calumny aimed at himself or a friend. But the abolition journals are "infidel," while *The Independent* is Christian!

Several points in *The Independent's* reply to Mr. Phillips demand notice at our hands.

1. Observe the jesuitical adroitness of the clerical editors of *The Independent*, as exhibited in their attempt to exculpate themselves from responsibility for the denunciation of Mr. Garrison in their columns as "an infidel of a most degraded class." They say:

"Knowing that we had never used such an expression in the editorial columns of this journal, we were quite at a loss to account for it, until, after much searching, we found that those words occurred, in a parenthetic way, in a notice of Dr. Hare's work on Spiritualism, published under the 'Editor's Table' some years ago. On inquiry we find that this book was sent for notice to a gentleman familiar with the medical and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, and that the critique from his pen was inserted under the 'Editor's Table' without the supervision of either of the editors of this journal. * * * So far, then, as the editors of this journal are concerned, the appearance of such an expression in our columns was an oversight; and the application of it to Mr. Garrison is not justified by anything that we have ever known of that gentleman."

The impression intended to be conveyed by this language is, that the editors were ignorant, until informed by Mr. Phillips, that the expression, "an infidel of a most degraded class," had ever been applied to Mr. Garrison in their columns. We do not hesitate to brand this as a false pretence. The expression alluded to appeared in *The Independent* of Jan. 3, 1856—more than four years ago. It was immediately branded as a calumny in *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD, with both of which *The Independent* exchanged; and we know that copies of one or both these papers in which the matter was alluded to, were sent to that office marked to arrest the attention of the editors. It was also the subject of a published correspondence between a friend of Mr. Garrison and the Rev. H. W. Beecher, which it is quite improbable, not to say impossible, should have failed to come to the knowledge of the editors. We believe that, so far from having been ignorant in the matter, as it now suits the purpose of the editors to pretend, they, or at least one of their number, knew all about it, and deliberately determined *not* to retract the calumny, but to remain silent in regard to it. We find confirmation of this in the language used by *The Independent* at the very commencement of its more recent attack upon Mr. Garrison. These are the words in which it opened its assault:

"We have been charged with slandering Mr. W. L. Garrison and his school when we have spoken of their attitude toward the Bible as sheer infidelity."

This shows clearly enough that the writer, at least, if not his associates, had a very distinct recollection of the original libel and of the castigation which the paper received in consequence thereof. The crafty Doctor of Divinity who penned the venomous reply to Mr. Phillips, and who found it convenient to affect ignorance of the libel, evidently forgot that he had put on record this previous confession of his knowledge and recollection of the whole matter.

The pretence that the department headed "*Editor's Table*" is not a part of "the editorial columns" of *The Independent* is an evasion altogether worthy of the clerical managers of that journal, and too pitiful to require comment, especially when it is considered that they had made themselves doubly responsible for the calumny by neglecting for more than four years to contradict it.

2. The pretence that Mr. Garrison's allusion to the Bible as a "parchment" was "contemptuous," "a sneer," indicating "habitual irreverence of mind," is a priestly perversion of his meaning, for which there can be no excuse. It is of a piece with the unscrupulous malignity of the Pharisees, who followed Jesus only to "entangle him in his talk," denouncing him as a Sabbath-breaker, a sower of sedition and a blasphemer, because he exposed their iniquity and failed to reverence their sectarian dogmas and traditions. Mr. Garrison was protesting against the idea that human rights *depended* on a written revelation and not upon the will of God as disclosed in the nature of man, and, to make clear the line of discrimination between the written Bible and the primary and fundamental revelation of God to every man's understanding and conscience, he spoke of the former as a "parchment," in allusion to the process by which its teachings were originally recorded and preserved. The word, in the circumstances, was natural and appropriate—almost necessary indeed to mark precisely the shade of thought designed to be conveyed; and the man who could find in it a "sneer" must be either a Pharisee or a Dogberry. The sentence, fairly interpreted, does not even imply a doubt of the infallible inspiration of the Scriptures; it only denies that human rights *depend* upon them. The very same sentiment has been expressed, in terms quite as strong, by Rev. Albert Barnes and many other orthodox writers.

3. *The Independent* says it has no wish to cast a stigma upon any man, but "only to wipe off the reproaches that men have cast upon the Bible." "We," it continues, "assail no man's character or position because of his opinions; but *when his opinions would bring the Bible into contempt, we must characterize them as belonging to the school of infidelity.*" Well, does any "opinion," *The Independent* itself being witness, tend more to "bring the Bible into contempt" than the opinion that it sanctions slavery? Every Christian and every man of common sense must say no. There are scores and hundreds of so-called evangelical ministers who avow this "opinion" of the Bible, and not a few who have exerted all their powers of learning and argument to justify it. Which of these clerical defenders of slavery, the whole tendency of whose teachings is to make the Bible odious in the eyes of honest men, was ever characterized by *The Independent* as an infidel, or as "belonging to the school of infidelity"? Has it ever applied that epithet to Dr. Spring, or Dr. Hodge, or Dr. Bethune, or Dr. Lord, or South side Adams, or even to any of the clerical traffickers in human flesh at the South? Never. On the contrary, it habitually recognizes them not only as Christian ministers, but as eminent defenders of the evangelical faith. Again and again has it stultified even its own anti-slavery professions by fulsome praise of such men. If a man holds the points of the orthodox creed, he need not fear that *The Independent* will call him infidel, even though he spend his whole life in an effort to prove from the Scriptures that it is no sin to hold man as property. But if any earnest and uncompromising Abolitionist, who dares to expose the pro-slavery character of the popular evangelical Churches, is known to have avowed his dissent from the so-called evangelical theology, to have expressed a doubt if the SUN stood still at the command of Joshua, if Jonah came out alive after being three days in a whale's belly, or if the God whose name is Love commanded the Israelites to exterminate the surrounding nations, and though his whole life were a demonstration of his love for God and his hearty acceptance of the ethics of the Bible, and though he were to make himself a martyr by his efforts to obey the instructions and follow the example of Jesus, *The Independent, out of the bitterness of its hostility to his abolitionism*, will be sure to set itself and all its clerical pack barking at him as "an infidel."

4. *The Independent's* statements that Mr. Garrison "has been laboring for twenty years to make the people think" that "the Federal Constitution recognizes slaves as property," and that he and his friends "have denounced the Constitution of the United States as bearing *the very construction which the slavocracy is trying to force upon it*," are grossly false. Mr. Garrison's views of the Constitution, instead of harmonizing with those of the slavocracy, are the same that were held by Jay, Marshall and Story. He believes it to be no more pro-slavery than those eminent jurists have declared it to be—not so much so as it is admitted to be by Mr. Seward in his last speech, and by many other leading men in the Republican party. The Fugitive Slave law he regards as wholly unconstitutional—a doctrine which the political party defended by *The Independent* dare not avow. The whole train of Southern aggressions upon Northern rights which marks the history of our politics for the last thirty years Mr. Garrison believes to have been unauthorized by the Constitution, though the natural fruit of the guilty compromises with slavery by which it is defaced. The doctrine of disunion, as advocated by him, instead of resting upon the construction placed upon the Constitution by the slavocracy, is the corollary of the fact admitted by the whole Northern people, with few exceptions, viz.: that that instrument, in allowing the South to be represented in Congress in proportion to the number of slaves that she can breed or kidnap, and in the clauses intended to provide for the restoration of fugitive slaves and to bind the North to put down slave insurrections, is *pro-slavery*. It is on this ground, and no other, that he repudiates it, and calls upon the people of the North to repudiate it, as an outrage upon the law of God and a conspiracy against the oppressed. The question, therefore, "Does W. H. Seward accept his [Mr. Garrison's] exposition of the Constitution?" though reminding us, by its spirit, as well as its terms, of the interrogatory so triumphantly put by the enemies of Jesus, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" may yet be answered in the affirmative. *The Independent* is either guilty of deliberate falsehood in this matter, or recklessly dealing in assertions in respect to matters of which it is in utter ignorance. For the truth of what we have said upon this point we appeal with confidence to Mr. Garrison's writings and speeches, and to *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD *passim*. Our experience with *The Independent* affords no ground for hope that it will retract what it has said upon this point; but we shall see if it persists in carrying the lie in its right hand in spite of this exposure.

5. The extracts from Mr. Garrison's writings, contained in Mr. Phillips's letter, were, if we mistake not, all written after the pro-slavery priesthood set up against him the cry of "infidel"; but whether they were or not is of little consequence, since they were revised and published by him as late as 1852, and express no sentiment which he does not hold at this hour. The insinuation that Mr. Phillips attempted to palm off as containing Mr. Garrison's present views what he once wrote but now repudiates, is worthy of its source.

6. *The Independent* complacently says, "We are behind none in honoring his [Mr. Garrison's] life-long devotion to the cause of the oppressed." Indeed! And *how* has it exhibited the feeling here professed? Has it, during the whole period of its existence, ever uttered one generous word respecting him? Has it published a single line from his speeches or writings, with a view to make its readers acquainted with the principles and aims of the man who was the first to proclaim in the ear of this guilty nation the doctrine and the duty of Immediate Emancipation, and for whose head a Southern Legislature offered a high reward? Never. On the contrary, it has mentioned his name only to disparage his labors, caricature his principles and impugn his motives. In the very article now under review it describes his efforts and those of his friends in terms implying the utmost contempt and scorn, likening them to the "beating of horrid gongs" and the "burning of sulphurous compounds"; and yet, with these words hissing from its lying mouth, it has the effrontery to pretend that it is "behind none in *honoring* Mr. Garrison's life-long devotion to the oppressed"!

7. *The Independent* volunteers an excuse for "the Boston ministers of thirty years ago," who scornfully rejected the gospel of anti-slavery, and sought to crush the man who troubled their consciences by reminding them of their duty to the oppressed. It seeks support for its argument against Mr. Garrison from the fact that the Tappans, the Leavitts and others, "who did run well for a season," ultimately withdrew from the American Anti-Slavery Society. It assumes that the seceders were repelled by "a tendency towards infidelity" on the part of that Society. That there was such a "tendency" is unquestionable, but it was in the popular Churches, not among the Abolitionists, that it was discerned; and it was Mr. Garrison's fidelity in rebuking the infidel spirit of the Church and Pulpit, as revealed in their indifference to the wrongs of the slave and their guilty complicity with the slaveholder, that gave offence to the Tappans and the Leavitts, and led them to make a desperate effort to turn the tide of anti-slavery sentiment and feeling away from the Churches into politics. Their love for the slave, however sincere, was subordinate to their love of sect, and they could not bear that Garrison, who was under no vow of allegiance to any religious denomination, should arraign them for inconsistency in supporting pro-slavery Churches. The history of the last twenty years has more than vindicated every count in the terrible indictment which Mr. Garrison brought against the American Church and Pulpit, and shown how false were the pretences by which the Tappans and the Leavitts sought to justify their secession and their enmity.

8. *The Independent* asks, with an air of triumph, if the Garrisonians are "the men before whom the Convention at Charleston trembles," and it affects to laugh at the "transcendent egotism and nonsense" of the claim that Garrison is to be honored as the leader of the cause. In reply to its sneers, we have to say that the slaveholders "tremble," not on account of anything in the professed designs of the Republican party, but because they feel the pressure of the MORAL AGITATION against slavery, and know that it must eventually sweep everything before it at the North. They distrust the sincerity of the Republicans in pretending that they have no designs upon slavery in the States. They know that the Republican party is the fruit, not yet ripe, of the agitation begun by Garrison in 1831, and they see clearly enough that it will be forced eventually to carry out his principles. It is the thunder of Garrisonian abolitionism that frightens them. If they believed that the Republican platform embodied the whole purpose of the sagacious leaders of the party, they would not lift a finger to resist the inauguration of its policy.

9. Neither Mr. Garrison nor any of his friends wish to conceal the fact that he does not hold the orthodox view of the inspiration of the Scriptures. He does not regard that view as consistent with reason nor with the Scriptures themselves; and yet no man reverences more than he the ethical principles inculcated on every page of the Bible, and certainly no man uses its contents with greater power in the warfare against every form of iniquity. If any man, judged by his declared principles and the acts of his life, is preëminently worthy to be called a Christian, even according to the definition of *The Independent's* chosen authority,* it is WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

* CHRISTIAN—A believer in the religion of Christ. A real disciple of Christ, one who believes in the truth of the Christian religion, and studies to follow the example and obey the precepts of Jesus; a believer in Christ, who is characterized by real piety.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THE Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, at the Cooper Institute. The meetings commenced on Tuesday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. The hall, which is a very large one, was well filled at the commencement of the exercises, and before the close of the session the number was largely increased, the hall being nearly full.

Among those present were very many of the long-tried, faithful and uncompromising friends of the slave, from various sections of the country, come up to renew their vows and strengthen their faith in the majesty of truth and the final triumph of justice and right over tyranny and wrong.

The assembly was called to order by the President of the Society, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, who opened the exercises by reading passages of Scripture from Ezekiel and Jeremiah, at the conclusion of which he stated that an opportunity would be afforded for vocal prayer, by any friend of the cause who felt moved to do so; whereupon Rev. DANIEL WORTH, of North Carolina, came forward and offered an appropriate and earnest prayer to the God of the oppressed that he would make the deliberations of the Convention effective to the breaking of every bond and letting the oppressed go free.

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston, Treasurer of the Society, then read his Annual Report, as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year	$2,452 65
Amount received from subscriptions to Anti-Slavery Standard, donations and sale of pamphlets	14,239 11
Total	$16,691 76

EXPENDITURES.

Amount expended for publication of Anti-Slavery Standard and pamphlets, and for lecturing agents	11,320 34
Expense account—for rents, office agent and incidental expenses	1 891 54
Balance to new account	3 479 88
Total	$16,691 76

The Report was laid upon the table, to be subsequently acted upon.

Mr. GARRISON then presented the following series of resolutions for the consideration of the meeting:

1. Resolved, That, in the language of Henry Clay, "those who would repress all tendencies towards liberty and emancipation must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish that greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties and their happiness; and when they have achieved all these purposes, their work will be yet incomplete. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetuate slavery, and repress all sympathies, and all humane and benevolent efforts among freemen in behalf of the unhappy portion of our race doomed to bondage."

2. Resolved, That they who are for suppressing the anti-slavery agitation are really laboring for the complete supremacy and enduring sway of the Slave Power; that they who are deploring the excitement of the times arising from this question are really lamenting that there is any manhood or moral sentiment left in the land, and arraigning the Almighty for inspiring the human mind with a detestation of robbery, injustice and oppression.

3. Resolved, That to compromise with the dealers in human flesh, to accede to any of their demands, to enter into an alliance with them from which they shall derive strength and security, to acknowledge in any manner the rectitude or necessity of their course, is to participate in their guilt, to insure general demoralization, to lose the power of a virtuous example, and to betray the cause of freedom universally.

4. Resolved, That this Society entirely accords with the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* in the sentiment that "two opposing and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure; the one must give way and cease to exist, the other become universal; if free society be unnatural, immoral and unchristian, it must fall and give way to slave society"; or the reverse of all this must inevitably follow.

5. Resolved, That he who asserts that there is not an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery, between free institutions and slave institutions, between the spirit which abolishes human chattelism and the spirit which perpetuates it, but that these are harmonious elements, or by compromise and forbearance can be made such in the same government, and can be brought into collision only by the efforts of fanaticism or sedition, is either idiotic, morally speaking, or a self convicted demagogue, intent on nothing but the gratification of his own desperate ambition.

6. Resolved, therefore, That the party which talks of "the glorious Union" existing between the North and the South, and of the duty of maintaining it as an object of paramount importance, is smitten with judicial blindness, talks of what has never been, and in the nature of things can never be possible, is either the dupe or the ally of a stupendous imposture, which an insane and criminal experiment of three score years has demonstrated is working the overthrow of all the safeguards of freedom, and, consequently, is a party neither to be trusted nor followed.

7. Resolved, That, in the words of the lamented Judge Jay, the Union is "a most grievious moral curse to the American people; to the people of the South, by fostering, strengthening and extending an iniquitous and baneful institution; to the millions among us of African descent, by riveting the chains of the bondman and deepening the degradation of the freeman; to the people of the free States, by tempting them to trample under foot the obligations of truth, justice and humanity, for those wages of iniquity with which the Federal Government rewards apostates to liberty and righteousness."

8. Resolved, That the "glorious Union," ever since its formation, has signified nothing but the supremacy of a Southern slave oligarchy, who have always dictated the policy of the nation, and who claim a divine right to rule, according to their pleasure, alike the slaves on their plantations and the people of the free States, without remonstrance or interrogation, and as the condition of the perpetuation of the "glorious Union" aforesaid.

9. Resolved, That the privileges accorded to Southern citizens sojourning or travelling in the North, under this Union, are these: To speak with impunity whatever they please against free institutions and free society; to advocate slavery and the slave traffic as worthy of universal extension, without interference, menace or personal danger and to an unlimited extent; to hold any meeting or publish any journal they may choose in which to assail the uncompromising friends of freedom as fanatics and traitors, and to glorify the "lords of the lash" as the only true friends of their country: and, in short, to threaten, bully and calumniate, *ad libitum*, whatever or whoever is deemed by them to be adverse in spirit and sentiment to "the sum of all villanies."

10. Resolved, That the privileges accorded to Northern citizens sojourning or travelling in the South, under this Union, are these: To wear padlocks upon their lips; to forswear their manhood by bowing down to the Moloch of slavery; to speak in behalf of the enslaved at the peril of their lives; to be tarred and feathered if they are suspected of cherishing anti-slavery sentiments; to be thrust into prison and sold as slaves on the auction-block if they are of African descent; to be scourged, branded, lynched and driven out by mobocratic violence even while in the prosecution of their legitimate business, simply because they are Northern men.

11. Resolved, therefore, That the motto of the American Anti-Slavery Society, "No Union with Slaveholders," commends itself to the reason, conscience and hearty adoption of every man claiming to be loyal to the Declaration of Independence; and it becomes the solemn duty of the North to carry it into immediate practice, as demanded by every instinct of self-preservation, and by all that is obligatory in the claims of justice and humanity.

OPENING REMARKS OF MR. GARRISON.

The PRESIDENT then addressed the audience as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is the first time that our Society has been in this large and commodious hall. I like it in all respects excepting one. There seems to be here a compromise between light and darkness (laughter), and, for one, I would rather revel in excess of light than to be groping at all in darkness. However diverse may be your opinions in regard to all the measures of this Society, I trust I may take it for granted that there is but one opinion here respecting the inhuman, wicked, unchristian, diabolical character of American slavery (loud applause); and that we are resolved, as one man, to enter upon this conflict, and never to go back one jot or tittle, but to press onward and upward, until the goal of Universal Emancipation shall be reached.

I feel an "irrepressible" desire to congratulate you all upon the triumphant progress of the "irrepressible conflict" in all parts of our country (loud cheering). In the free States, undeniably, the conflict is going on; and may I not say that in all the slave States it is going on, with even more vehemence and zeal than among ourselves? For, at last, even the invincible Democratic party have been reached; and by the power which has been brought to bear upon it through the anti-slavery agitation, thank God! that party is no longer a unit in behalf of slavery (applause); it has been divided, I trust, never again to be united by any compromise whatsoever with the Slave Power. It seems to me to be one of the most striking proofs of the cheering progress of the movement in which we are engaged that has yet been given to us. Only think of it! The party which has, for so many years, cried out, "There must be no agitation on this subject," is now the most agitated of all the parties in the country! The party which declares that there ought not to be any sectionalism as against slavery has now been sundered, geographically, and on this very question! The party which has said, "Let discussion cease for ever," is busily engaged in the discussion, so that, possibly, the American Anti-Slavery Society might adjourn *sine die*, after we get through with our present meetings, and leave its work to be carried on in the other direction! (Laughter and cheers.) The party which says that anti-slavery must be put down in this country is itself divided, discomfited, and, I believe, overthrown. "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." [Rev. Mr. WORTH—"Amen!"] "To him that overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, for his mercy endureth for ever!" (Loud applause.) In view, therefore, of these cheering signs of the times, I think we may all of us thank God and take courage.

The work of the American Anti-Slavery Society continues the same as from the beginning. It is the work of moral agitation. Standing as the Society does outside of all parties, all sects, it is compelled to criticize them all in an impartial spirit, to give to each one its due, and to bestow rebukes where rebukes are merited. We shall go on in this work, and, united by the simple bond, that the slave is a man, and that he has therefore a right to his freedom now, as against all claimants—not stopping to ask of what religious creed or of what political party a man may be, but only whether he is willing to recognize in the slave a brother man, created in the same Divine image—we hold out the hand of brotherly love and kindness and cooperation, and say, "Let us forget all other differences, and join heart and hand, until there is not a slave left in the land to clank his chain in the hearing of God!"

If our platform has not been occupied by the clergy of the country generally, it has not been our fault. It has always been a free platform for them, as for us, and we this day invite them, as we have done ever since the organization of the Society, to come here, and, if they will, take the lead, and go forward and carry the banner of emancipation, until liberty shall be given to all in the land. We are here to settle no other question, excepting the right of the slave to his freedom—excepting the sinfulness of making man the property of man; and we have always scrupulously endeavored to make our platform such that every man, whatever may be his peculiar religious opinions, should have no excuse for standing aloof therefrom. I am glad to be able to present to you, as the first speaker on this occasion, one whose orthodoxy, at least, has never yet been called in question (applause). There are those who say that the reason they do not cooperate with this Society is that some of us hold theological opinions which are distasteful to them; we are heretics, and, of course, the Jews can have no dealings with the Samaritans (laughter). Now, we are to listen to one who is thoroughly evangelical—"a Puritan of the Puritans"; and yet, I ask you how has this noble man been met by the evangelical clergy of the country, as a body? How has he been treated in this city by his own evangelical brethren? Why, if he had been a heretic as bad as any who has ever yet appeared on earth, he could not have received worse treatment at the hands of the orthodox body of our country. But I bless God that he has not faltered; that he has manfully stood his ground; that he has made up his mind, if need be, to die in the "imminent deadly breach"; and I am glad that he has found at least a faithful few to rally to his side, who are resolved to sustain him to the end. All my sympathies have been with him, because he has nobly been striving in behalf of the oppressed in our land, vindicating the character of God, the nature of man, and the claims of our suffering humanity; and my heart goes out to him, and mingles with his own, and I feel to bid him God-speed, and to wish him the most entire success, even as "a Puritan of the Puritans" (loud applause). I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, of the city of New York (enthusiastic cheering). Allow me just to add, that, in inviting our friend to speak here to-day, we have invited him to speak what Geo. B. Cheever thinks, not the American Anti-Slavery Society; not to endorse anything pertaining to this platform, or the measures or principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but to speak here as he knows how to speak in his own pulpit (renewed cheering).

SPEECH OF REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: These free and earnest words render almost unnecessary the opening remarks which I had proposed to make; still, I will say, that I am here to-day, by the courteous invitation of this Society, holding it to be an honor and a privilege to speak anywhere on God's earth in behalf of the enslaved. In being here, I do not endorse, nor am I imagined to endorse, the views of men on this same platform whose views I do not know, or whose opinions in regard to the Constitution, and, for aught I know, in regard to some things in the Word of God, may be very different from mine. Nay, I have been kindly, courteously invited here, although supposed to entertain very different views from those of some of the oldest members of this Society. And I heartily rejoice, by responding to the invitation, to make any contribution of which I am capable towards breaking down the walls of partition between the friends of the slave of every denomination, and bringing into the power of combination their intense hatred and abhorrence of the infinite crime of slavery, and their determination to abolish it.

The distinction of this Society from the outset has been its high, grand purpose of abolition for the enslaved. That which other professed anti-slavery men have rejected as a reproach, a pestilence, a treason, the members of this Society have put foremost as their object, their boast, their honor, their conscience, their duty, to the end. They have thus been, on this subject, the breakers up of the fallow-ground, before it could be sown; for it was a forest of thorns huger than the cedars of Lebanon; and had they not done this difficult work with such terrible decision and energy, outside the Church, I do not see how we could, even now, have begun the same work, inside. Perhaps it needed a corps of men branded as infidels, and therefore reckless as to the Church, to drive this storm-ship, this ice-plough, this gigantic jungle-cleaver, before any in the Church would have taken out a patent there to drive the same tremendous energy under the auspices of an orthodox firm.

I remember, in an interview which I had, a number of years ago, with D'Aubigne in Switzerland, a remark of his as to the show of religious parties in this country, especially the distinction between Old School and New, and the character each seemed to him to be assuming. I see, said he, on the one side truth and deadness, on the other side error and life; and I know not what to make of it. But there is one thing worse than error; it is truth held in unrighteousness, the truth married to moral corruption, the boast of speculative orthodoxy, along with the sanction and embrace of dishonesty, licentiousness and cruelty. The historian of the Reformation knows that that mixture is a profanation of the name of Jehovah worse than idolatry, worse than infidelity. The good Samaritan was the despised infidel of old; but the orthodox Priest and Levite were worse than he. I have been, and am now, a lover of the sternest kind of Calvinistic orthodoxy; not because it is of Calvin, or the fathers, but of God; and only so far as it is of God; not in theory merely, but in practice, in the fruits of truth, in righteousness, love, justice, humanity, and the defence of the enslaved and needy.

Now, if anything is clear, it is this, that the more orthodox a man is in the letter, if in practice he goes against the spirit, he is the greater traitor, the worse man. If he holds the truth in unrighteousness, it is the very climax of corruption, for which God says the man is utterly reprobated. What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth? When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinances of their God; they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God. Yet, notwithstanding this intense and exalted orthodoxy, in which they said, Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou, they were a smoke in God's nostrils, a fire that burneth all the day, because they had chosen their own ways, and their soul delighted in their abominations. That being the case, no intensity nor exactitude of orthodoxy was any recommendation of them to God; on the contrary, the most sacred professions of doctrine, the very symbols of faith, were hateful to him, in such hands. He that killeth an ox, though for the altar of atonement; is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol. For this was the orthodoxy that God had chosen, and is now: to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke, deal your bread to the hungry, clothe the naked, do justice to the afflicted and needy, and deliver the poor and needy out of the hand of the wicked. The predicted characteristics also of the coming and reign of Christ the Savior, and of a true revival and missionary piety, were just these: He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and SHALL BREAK IN PIECES THE OPPRESSOR.

Now, these are extraordinary announcements, and it is time that our pretences of sanctity were tried by them, for they make terrible havock in the ranks of Churches, whose pastors can say, I have bought and sold slaves, and shall do it again, under like circumstances, and I teach these views to my people. If this be orthodoxy, in its highest boasted purity and perfection, this also is the climax of orthodox sin, to which those very Churches were driving whom, twenty years ago, D'Aubigne beheld in spiritual deadness, but with a clear, pure, systematic, elaborate creed. They have reached the consummation, which always follows the boast of truth, divorced from life, in the enthronement of the great modern Man of Sin and Son of Perdition in the Temple of God, where now the professors of extremest orthodoxy are the officiating high priests; and professed disciples of the Son of God burn incense to the Moloch of American Slavery, as being the incarnation at once of natural right and of God's most perfect benevolence and missionary providence. The enslaved are the flock of this orthodox slaughter, whose possessors slay them, and hold themselves not guilty, and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich: and their own shepherds pity them not. It has come to pass that in this modern orthodoxy, as of old, its professors dare to defend, in God's name, a crime reprobated of God under penalty of death, and to justify those members of the Churches who are guilty of it, under the plea that "We are delivered to do all these abominations." Take you the record from God's own word, and judge for yourselves whether the Church in this country have not assumed and acted out the same impiety, but with aggravated guilt, in the justification of American slavery, along with the profession of the extremest orthodoxy. "Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these. If, indeed, ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor; if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt; then, indeed, ye are my temple. But behold ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit. Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, swear falsely, and burn incense unto Baal, and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, we are delivered to do all these abominations? Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes? Behold, even I have seen it, saith the Lord. They have set their abominations in the house that is called by my name, to pollute it."

That which hath been is now, nor is there anything in human wickedness of which we can say, this is new. Twenty-four hundred years pass away; and even as the forms of Egyptian dancing-girls might be copied from the tombs of the dead in the mountains of Thebes, and represented in our theatres, even so these old Jewish sinners, these antique masters in hypocrisy, these models of histrionic impiety, are before the world upon the stage again, enacting the same tragedies in the temple of God, in the personification of American slaveholding Christianity.

Now, in view of these monstrous enormities of old, God said, Cease to do evil, learn to do well, break every yoke, give liberty every man to his brother and every man to his neighbor, and that is your only true orthodoxy. Just so now, we would like to have men of all parties, in the name of God, unite, and drive upon a slaveholding Church that is apostate in this wickedness, and a falsifier of the gospel, this demand for the removal of this brand of shame from the dishonored form of Christianity; their demand of the abolition of this wickedness as constituting the only orthodoxy. Either this or infidelity is the alternative presented to a perishing world, by a slaveholding church and ministry. The church and ministry that go against the Spirit of the Bible become the greatest traitors to it and to God, just in proportion as they swear by its letter and falsify its contents.

And just so with the Constitution, and a man's faithfulness to that. The abolition of this wickedness is the only orthodoxy there. The man that goes against the spirit of the Constitution though sworn to support it, is the greatest traitor to it, and to his country. He that offends the letter of it, by adhering to its spirit, is a truer man, a truer Christian patriot, than he that, by the letter, defeats, or labors to defeat, pervert, and suffocate the Spirit. This is God's own logic, and it is irresistible. If the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? And shall not uncircumcision, which is by nature, if it fulfil the law, judge thee, who by the letter and circumcision dost transgress the law? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?—babes into the bargain? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking of the law dishonorest thou God? Take the Constitution and obey it in the spirit, and every one of its letters will support you in the right; deny it in the spirit, and you can turn its plainest letters to the wrong. The Constitution being for freedom and equity, that is its law; and whoever by letter transgresses that law, the spirit judges and condemns him.

We are bound to drive every engine against slavery that either letter or spirit will permit. Give me the power, and I will handle the Constitution upon this monster in such a way that, from his cranium to the os coccygis, there shall not be left a fragment of bone big enough for even Cuvier to determine from it what range in the museum of dead, but once living, devilries on earth the creature could have belonged to. And I will do it constitutionally. Give me the power to put the right in *practice*, and it will thenceforth appear in *theory* so clear, so resplendent, that men will wonder how any other men could ever have been so crazy as to have devised it, or such wrong reasoning sophists as to have drawn any other conclusion in regard to it. A Chinese puzzle is as plain as day when you set the pieces in the right place.

Give me the power to serve upon the South that one article in the Constitution concerning *service due*, for the purpose for which alone the Constitution was intended, and, according to the rule of interpretation by which, in the acknowledgment of all sound jurisprudence and justice, such an instrument is to be pressed, *in favorem libertatis*, and it will crush the iniquity of slavery to the centre. Give but the power, and turn out the squatters, and the border ruffians, and all the apartments of the Constitution are a fit abode for angels; and the moment they enter, it will be found transfigured and transparent with their light. At the same time there are articles in it that can be possessed with the devil, if Uriel is not on guard, even as a toad was found in Eden, squat at the ear of slumbering Eve. See how the power

"time for Cæsar to die." What do de Lord's messenger want? he tremblingly asked. "Want's Cæsar's soul," broke on the solemn stillness. Out went the light, and under the bed went the humble, pious petitioner exclaiming, "No such nigger here, sah! been dead tree weeks!" Just so with the professions of anti-slavery principle in some of our politicians, and anti-slavery piety in some of our ministers and Churches. When the demand comes to put the principle into action against slavery, the light is put under a bed. No such principle in our party; been dead ever since the last election. We pledge ourselves not to interfere with slavery where it exists. We purge ourselves of all suspicion of opposing slavery as to the negro race, all taint of abolitionism. We go for the superiority of free labor over slave labor in the territories, meaning that we are determined that none but whites shall have any opportunity at free labor at all.

There are those who sincerely believe that the success of such a party would be more disastrous, more hopeless for the enslaved, than even that of the party that declare the rightfulness and justice of slavery over the whole country. There is no ground on which we can meet the slave party but the ground of conscience, truth and righteousness. If property in man anywhere is not a crime, then everywhere it has the same right as any other property. The slaveholder, with his slaves, has just as good a right and title to the Territories as you have to them without slaves, and has just as perfect a right to carry his slaves all over the Union, and have them protected as his property, as you have to carry your children, your farming utensils, your books, your presses, your schools. But if free labor is right, if you have the right, as free laborers, to exclude slavery from the territories, or to prevent its extension, it is only because free labor is just, and slavery being wrong, you are bound by God and justice to oppose slavery everywhere. You can oppose it with the Constitution only on the ground of its being wrong, only on the ground of the same right of the blacks to freedom as your own; for if slave property be not wrong, it belongs everywhere, wherever men choose to carry it. If it is wrong, your first duty and business is to break it up where it is already established. If it is right, it is right everywhere; and if you admit it anywhere, as right, you must admit it everywhere.

When the moral assassination of the colored race was committed by the Dred Scott decision, and the after-stab of Judges made it sure, I asked, What will you do with the body of your victim? You are at your wit's end to know what to do. Not so at the South; they see and feel, with a terrible certainty, that all must be slaves, in order to keep down those that are thus murdered, from insurrection, in their living graves. When Washington said, Put none but Americans on guard to-night, it was a crisis for freedom. It is now a crisis for slavery, and the watchword is, None but slaves, or we perish. In this moral assassination, kill all, or we are betrayed. And the poor whites themselves join in this slaveholding slogan. And the poorer, baser, meaner whites of the North, camp-followers, expectant kettle-bearers of the slaveholding Democracy, merchant princes on their knees before this Dagon, waiters on a drygood's providence, with still deeper malignity curse the negro race, and, like a pack of baying, panting hounds, would drive them from existence. The policy foreshadowed in some quarters in regard to these millions, both North and South, is so selfish, so cruel, so atrocious, that the impending crime becomes terrific. It is proposed to abolish, not slavery, but the slaves, the whole race, to cast them forth out of the country, as a nuisance and a curse.

On one occasion, many years ago, I remember, when the British Empire was in a ferment in regard to the Irish, and their asserted wrongs, and the question was asked in Parliament, What shall we do with Ireland? a member replied, "Scuttle her." This is the amount of the cool, hardened cruelty proposed in regard to the colored race of the United States. Slough them off! Expatriate them! Scuttle them! Keep the slaves where they are, and guarantee the vested rights of the slave States in them as property, and at the same time expatriate all the free negroes, and keep both slave and free out of the Territories. Leave slavery where it is, and keep it where it is, sending back all fugitives, and maintaining it by law as a domestic institution. Shut it up in the slave States, and it will die out; but promise not to interfere with it there, directly or indirectly. In these promises and propositions, the most distant idea of any right to freedom on the part of the enslaved, or any obligations of justice or of mercy on our part towards them, or any assertion of their rights, or even of the right of any attempt on our part to redeem and deliver them, is as completely ignored, and in effect denied and forbidden, as if they were exiles in Siberia. The barbarous inhumanity of these propositions, towards whites as well as blacks, if slavery be considered a wrong and an evil, can hardly be described or appreciated. Suppose that a deadly pestilence were raging in some part of our country, and, instead of sending physicians, medicines, nurses, suppose we should dig a moat round the whole region, and, forbidding the escape of any fugitives, should leave the victims of the pestilence to die, and the land to be depopulated. Suppose that a fire were raging in a great city, and, there being a powder manufactory within its limits, suppose that the proprietors of the outlying farms and villages should cut off all communication and stand afar off, and see the city burn, meantime driving back within its walls all that endeavored to escape from it. Suppose that the country should denounce all other action excepting only this as unconstitutional. Suppose that the country should, in the name of God and the Constitution, solemnly pledge themselves not to interfere in any way, directly or indirectly, with the pestilence and the conflagration, where they were raging; but, on the other hand, to guarantee the security and perpetuity of the evil as a vested right not to be meddled with!

If such be the policy to be proclaimed and pursued in regard to the crime and pestilence of slavery, it is diabolical, and the more so because the pretence is that by such a policy, you ensure the termination of the evil. But in what way? Is this a Christian remedy? Is this the command of mercy that comes to you from the word of God, or of justice from the majesty of Heaven? The evil you say will die out, if you can only secure the country against its extension. The evil will die out, if you only prevent any more slave States from being established. Restrict, therefore, your policy of reform, your Christianity, your benevolence, to that, and leave the sin alone, where it is now rioting in the morals and miseries of millions beneath its despotism. And this is the remedy proposed by Christian men and brethren, commanded to love their neighbors as themselves! This is the proposition of Christian reformers, to let slavery die out among its rotting, dying imploring victims! To let it die out, by letting it work on, in all its atrocity and cruelty, as a guaranteed, constitutional *gehenna*, marked off, moated off, environed, amidst surrounding spectators and powers of mercy and of justice, that might extinguish its fires if they would move upon it, might scatter the fuel of its perdition, and rescue its millions of burning men, women and children, as brands from the burning, by the legitimate power of the gospel of God and the Constitution! This *gehenna* you might have changed into a school of freedom and piety, but you refused to interfere, and consented to its sanction and continuance, and guaranteed its permanence, as a vested interest, a missionary institution, a domestic hell, which the owning and superintending demons have a perfect right to perpetuate for their own profit and power!

There is no language that can suitably describe and denounce such monstrosities. The worship of God and Baal together was no worse among the Jews than the embrace and amalgamation of such doctrines. What a hideous, mongrel, debased thing must that freedom be which is the compound of such selfishness and cruelty! The temple of God, under Solomon's wildest madness of compounded concubines and idolatry, even when altars and incense arose to Moloch and Jehovah side by side, was not so signally disgraced by such abominations as our religion and theology by such avowed and practised impieties. We talk about infanticide, and the horribleness of laws justifying it, or of a united public opinion, legal sanction and moral justification making *that* practice one of the vested rights of human beings in society. But what is that in comparison with the pretence of a vested right, morally justified, to brand the babes of four millions as chattels, that is to steal them from their birth, assassinate their personality, and make merchandise of them from the cradle to the grave! If God has set murder as a crime to be punished with death, and if, on that account, infanticide, being the crime of murder, is to be judged with the same abhorrence, and punished in the same way, then, by the same rule, since man-stealing is also set down of God as a crime, of the same kind as murder, and to be punished in like manner, it follows that babe-stealing, the converting of babes into chattels, the making merchandise of them, is also and equally a crime worthy of death. And yet we have the spectacle of professedly Christian men of all parties uniting in the justification and defence of this crime, declaring that the right to commit it is an inherent right of State sovereignty, and a vested right of slave property, and emulating each other in the proclamation of a pledge never to interfere with that right! A spectacle so rebesting, so vile a degradation of manhood and Christianity, never was seen on earth. The crime of the Sodomites in attacking angels was not to be compared with the wickedness of turning innocent babies into things to be used from the cradle to the grave for the lust and avarice of their owners.

Now, to think of such tenets as these being instilled into the heart of the community, by the preachers, political and ecclesiastical, of such a slaveholding theology and liberty! They weave the spider's web, and hatch cockatrices' eggs; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper. It may be said of this progressive pestilence, this infant corruption of morals, gangrening not only the heart and mind of the people, but striking the very Constitution with sickness and death, it may be said, as of Job's leprosy. By the great force of my disease is my very garment changed, and bindeth me about, as the collar of my coat. The habit of such corruption of conscience and heart, if not resisted, if not thrown off, becomes not only a national wrap-rascal, but even as in nature the bark of one year's growth becomes the wood of the next, so it turns inward, and becomes at once vitalized and hardened as an unchangeable life. Thus we are going on. Our laws, our theology, our mercantile and social existence, under the spread of this iniquity, the power of these pestilential teachings, are becoming like a tangled wilderness of scrub Upas trees, infested with deadly serpents. At every step you breath poison, your flesh is torn by the knotted, thorny underbrush, and your veins, your blood, take up the virus. It is a region of horrors, in which the lizards and snakes of a preadamite world, not intended for man's abode, crawl over you and glare upon you.

It is the breathing of such an air, the getting accustomed to such moral monstrosities, the diseased condition of the moral sense consequent upon them, the stupefaction, the oppression, as of a moral *guilt* in the soul, that has prepared the people to endure unmoved such outrages as would have stung their fathers to madness, and to look stupidly on, while right after right is being invaded and taken from us, and usurpation after usurpation is set as precedent and law. Our free citizens are thrown into jail, at the uplifted finger of the Slave Power, without so much even as the allegation of a crime. Where is our Personal Liberty bill, needed not for fugitive slaves only, but for all men who have not a fugitive and lying conscience, ready to forsake God and humanity at the beck of the oppressor? It is the least and lowest thing that any sovereign State can do for its citizens to protect them in the rights of personal liberty, to defend them at least from being seized by a foreign power on their own soil, torn from their families and thrust into jail, without crime, and without even the pretence of trial. If a sovereign State cannot protect its citizens against such tyranny, such violence, what is its sovereignty worth—what is it good for? If any sovereign State will let its citizens be snatched up in this insolent way, refusing even the writ that should take them from the grasp of such tyranny, and bring them to a fair trial, we see not what prerogative of sovereignty it has left which is not a mere sham. John Randolph's toast concerning State Rights may be drunk by the slaveholders over the dead body of such a sovereignty with a hip and hurrah! *De mortuis, nil nisi bonum.* And the Slave Power can afford to give to such a State, that will thus sacrifice the personal liberty of its citizens, at the bidding of an infamous unconstitutional federal slave bill, or Senatorial Investigating Committee, the largest privilege of blazing and fulminating against slavery. Such a State may be indulged by the Federal Government, and the Slave Power enthroned over it, in any, the most extravagant jubilant anthems concerning the opening of the prison-doors and letting the oppressed go free, in any freaks and sallies of speculative demonstrations, in conventions, in resolutions, in speeches all blazing with the pyrotechnics and thundering with the detonating powder of the highest Republican or Democratic liberty. The grander such harmless, ineffective enthusiasm, the safer for the slave tyranny; the more sublime the flight of the spread-eagles of popular eloquence, the more abject and spiritless will such a people be, whose ardor in the cause of freedom shuns the form and cost of brave, decisive deeds, and expends itself in speculative boasts and hallelujahs. There being no intention, nor any danger, of going beyond the form of speculation concerning liberty, it costs nothing, as Burke said of the flights of hypocrisy, to have them magnificent. And our slave-drivers need not be afraid, though Bunker Hill Monument itself should, one of these Fourth of Julys, be rammed full with powder, and the charge wadded with all the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence, and the column slanted and fired down South, with the huge, hissing, red-hot ball flaming from its granite throat, that all men are born free and equal, black or white, and that property in man is a lie, a curse, an impossibility.

Our liberties are going down to the pit, and we with them, by submission to such invasions, and the breathing of such pestilential winds of doctrine that accompany them, as fast as any remorseless and successful despotism could ever carry us. There lies at this moment in Washington jail, for conscience' sake, and for the assertion of our rights, our liberties, a free citizen, our friend and brother—a very Hampden in his position, and as noble and sincere in his soul—a finely-toned, enthusiastic, noble spirit—our friend and brother Hyatt; and it is conscience and the rights of conscience—yours, mine—that are outraged in his imprisonment. Law, truth, conscience, justice, equity, freedom, piety, everything dear to us, is outraged in this act. Mr. Hyatt treated the Senate with marked deference and respect. He presented himself freely before them. He did not refuse to answer any of their questions that might be put to him in courtesy, and not thrust upon him under the uplifted lash of the slave-driver. He merely denied, as in his conscience he was bound to deny, that they had any right to compel him to answer. And for that declaration, as for crime, this insolent body of the people's servants, instantly, as though they were a court of justice sitting on trial, and armed with that indefinite and awful power of accusation and punishment of what is called Contempt of Court, threw this free citizen into prison. Why, my friends, if the man had committed a crime, it would have shielded him! They could not have dealt with him thus—could not have touched him with the finger of their despotism; but being innocent, and declaring himself governed by a conscience towards God, being accused of no crime, and guilty of none, so as not to come within the jurisdiction of any law, they can treat him, driven by their own despotic rage at his claim of conscience, as they could not treat even a felon. If he had been accused of some definite and horrible crime—if he had really committed it, before and against that body—if he had drawn a revolver and shot Senator Mason through the heart—then they could not have condemned him nor punished him without trial; could not even have arrested him without warrant; could not have moved one step against him, without indictment, court, judge, jury, counsel, witnesses, all. But he having, without any crime, declared to the Senate that in his conscience he did not think or believe that an investigating committee of the Senate had lawful power to compel him to answer their questions, for that declaration, as for crime, they can hurry him away to prison on the instant, overriding, crushing, annihilating accusation, indictment, trial, court, judge, jury and witnesses, all in one motion, all at one blow. Now, consider what an enormity is this. What an awful, irrepressible power is here claimed and exercised, by which, at any time, through subtle management in the Senate, raising a Committee with powers, a faction in that body may seize any man obnoxious to it, any man, anywhere, who stands in the way of its will, its tyranny, and put him out of the way, without the uncertain, slow and dangerous operation even of false accusation of crime, which indeed could not bring him before them. But any pretence of being engaged in any investigation for the people *can*, according to this assumed power, and his liberty is taken from him without trial, and without any power of the people to restore it to him! If this can be done, if this can be endured, we are the most pitifully power-ridden and hypocritical pretenders to freedom that ever breathed.

If the Investigating Committee of the Senate had been sitting as a Court, even of legislation, there might have been some little shadow of authority; because, in a Judicial Court, the body are presumed to possess, and by custom do possess, this despotic power to throw a man instantly into prison for contempt of Court; a power so liable to be abused (as in the case of Passmore William son) that it ought not to be permitted without a trial by jury, as for every other crime. But the Committee of the Senate was no such Judicial Committee, no such Court. A Committee cannot clothe itself with the powers of a Court, nor be so invested. The Senate cannot create any such Court, nor transform itself into any such Court. But even if it could, this Committee were no such Court, but a mere political resort, an instrument raised for a purely partisan, political object, no necessity for it, no interests of the nation demanding it, no new legislation requisite, or contemplated by it, nothing under heaven in view but the protection of slave property and the increase of the Slave Power. The assumption, therefore, of the powers and sacredness of a Court of Justice, for the sake of punishing Mr. Hyatt, was a contempt of the whole people; and the exercise of any such power is a daring usurpation beyond law and against law. It would have graced the annals of Caligula, and Tacitus would have recorded its endurance by the people, as one of the evidences how irrecoverably they had lost the spirit of freedom, and yielded themselves in utter degradation, to the tyrant's will. This usurpation is the most barefaced iniquity yet committed by any branch of our government. Even a Judicial Court could not exercise this tremendous power of imprisonment for contempt without trial, except in pursuance of their legitimate vocation. If Judge Taney and his associates should form themselves into an Investigating Committee, to look into the causes and consequences of the bolting or splitting in the Charleston Convention, and should summon witnesses, does any man in his senses imagine that they would have the power of throwing a Democrat into prison for contempt of Court in not answering, or in asserting a right of conscience? or for affirming, on his conscience, that they had no authority given them by law to play the inquisitor over him?

The temper and daring that are capable of this outrage against Mr. Hyatt, when it is found that such an outrage can be endured, and therefore can be safely committed, will do anything, will shrink from nothing, in the service of the Slave Power. And a people willing to endure this, to let it pass into precedent, custom, opinion and law, no rising of the masses against it, no movement of conscience at God's command, no indignation of the heart to put it down, no assertion of right and justice, of truth and freedom against it, are prepared for any outrage upon their own rights, for any surrender of their own liberties. The Senate may take the whole government into their hands, may change the very forms and processes of government, from a government of law, to a government by inquisitorial Committees, Star Chambers, investigating screws, leashes of bloodhounds, infuriated with madness by the scent of John Brown's martyrdom, fierce and strong enough to leap from Washington to Concord, but not capable, even after such a spring, of standing before the face of one heroic woman, and baffled by the steady courage of the descendants of those yeomen that once drove back a whole regiment of military invaders, halting, panting, disabled, discouraged, half-dead, whom, however, as British soldiers, it were a disgrace to compare with the American hounds let loose by the Slave Power against our free citizens. I say, the Senate may do all this, and may throw a free citizen of Massachusetts, by the mere decree of a Committee, into prison, though accused of no crime, permitted no trial, nor form of accusation, nor indictment, nor opportunity to answer for himself, nor investigation of the case, nor Court, nor Judge, nor Jury, nor Law, by a bold, insolent exercise of irresponsible, lawless, unauthorized power, by a sheer daring usurpation of powers belonging only to the whole government, and possible to be exercised by the government only according to definite law; by the concentration of such power within their own body, through the base form of a Committee of Investigation, the Senate may take away the liberty of a free citizen, may throw him into the common prison; and if the people look on and endure this with stupid tranquillity, they are ready for any tyranny, and any tyrant may be sure of success. They have committed this outrage upon Mr. Hyatt at the instigation of the slave party and power, and it is an outrage on us all. And yet, we are counselled to keep quiet, because if the free party talk too loud, it will hazard their interests! Political expediency makes men speak even of such an outrage, with bated breath, lest the agitation against it may damage the prospects of some who may have sanctioned it, even in the very party proclaiming to be the guardians of liberty!

Let there be a mass meeting gathered in this city to express the judgment and feeling of the people against this monstrous outrage; and if a deputation of a hundred freemen should be appointed to go on to Washington, and present themselves before the Senate, with a demand for the release of a citizen imprisoned without law, without crime, without trial, it would be no more than is due to our own freedom and dignity, and to the Hampden who, for conscience and for our sakes, is the victim of this despotism.

Dr. Cheever's speech was frequently interrupted by hearty and prolonged cheering, which testified to the high gratification of the audience.

SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS.

Robert Purvis, of Pennsylvania, was then introduced, who said:

Mr. President: As one of your speakers to-day, I feel myself embarrassed by two opposite and conflicting feelings: one is a painful and distressing sense of my incapacity for the duty which you have imposed upon me, and the other is an irrepressible desire to do or say something effective for a cause which is dearer to me than my heart's blood. Sir, I need not say here that I belong to that class who, at the South, are bought, sold, leased, mortgaged, and in all respects treated as absolute property; I belong to the class who, here at the North, are declared by the highest tribunal known to your government to possess "no *rights* that a *white* man is bound to respect."

I say *your* government—it is not mine. Thank God, I have no willing share in a government that deliberately, before the world, and without a blush, declares one part of its people, and that for no crime or pretext of crime, disfranchised and outlawed. For such a government, I, as a man, can have no feeling but of *contempt, loathing,* and *unutterable abhorrence!* And, sir, I venture to affirm that there is no man in this audience, that has a spark of manhood in him, that has a tittle of genuine self-respect in his bosom, that will not justify me in these feelings.

What are the facts in the case? What is the attitude of your boasting, braggart republic toward the 600,000 free people of color who swell its population and add to its wealth? I have already alluded to the dictum of Judge Taney in the notorious Dred Scott decision. That dictum reveals the animus of the whole government; it is a fair example of the cowardly and malignant spirit that pervades the entire policy of the country; the end of that policy is, undoubtedly, to destroy the colored man, as a man, to prevent him from having any existence in the land except as a "chattel personal to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever." With this view, it says a colored man shall not sue and recover his lawful property; he shall not bear arms and train in the militia; he shall not be a commander of a vessel, not even of the meanest craft that creeps along the creeks and bays of your Southern coast; he shall not carry a mail-bag, or serve as a porter in a post-office; and he shall not even put his face in a United States court-room for any purpose, except by the sufferance of the white man. I had occasion, a few days since, to go to the United States Court-room in the city of Philadelphia. My errand was a proper one; it was to go bail for one of the noble band of colored men who had so bravely risked their lives for the rescue of a brother man on his way to eternal bondage. As I was about entering the door, I was stopped, and ordered back; I demanded the reason—"I have my orders," was the reply. What orders? "To keep out all colored people." Now, sir, who was the man that offered me this indignity? It was Deputy-Marshal Jenkins, the notorious slave-catcher. And why did he do it? Because he had his orders from pious, praying, Christian Democrats, who hold and teach the damnable doctrine that the "black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect." It is true that Marshal Yost, to whom I indignantly appealed, reversed this man's orders and apologized to me, assuring me that I could go in and out at my pleasure. But, sir, the apology made the matter worse; for, mark you, it was not me personally that was objected to, *but the race* with which I stand *identified.* Great God! Who can think of such outrages, such meanness, such dastardly, cowardly cruelty, without burning with indignation, and choking for want of words with which to denounce it? And in the case of the noble little band referred to, the men who generously, heroically risked their lives to rescue the man who was about being carried back to slavery; look at their case; you know the circumstances. We recently had a slave trial in Philadelphia—no new thing in the city of "*Brotherly Love.*" A victim of Virginia tyranny, a fugitive from Southern injustice, had made good his escape from the land of whips and chains to Pennsylvania, and had taken up his abode near the capital of the State. The place of his retreat was discovered; the bloodhounds of the law scented him out, and caught him; they put him in chains and brought him before Judge Cadwallader—a man whose pro-slavery antecedents made him a fitting instrument for the execution of the accursed Fugitive Slave law. The sequel can easily be imagined. Brewster, a leading Democrat—the man who, like your O'Connor of this city, has the unblushing hardihood to defend the enslavement of the black man upon principle—advocated his return. The man was sent into life-long bondage. While the trial was going on, slaveholders, Southern students and pro-slavery Market-street salesmen were freely admitted, but the colored people, the class most interested, were carefully excluded. Prohibited from entering, they thronged around the doors of the Court-house. At last the prisoner was brought out, handcuffed and guarded by his captors; he was put into a carriage, which started off in the direction of the South. Some ten or twelve brave black men made a rush for the carriage, in hopes of effecting a rescue; they were overpowered, beaten, put under arrest and carried to prison, there to await their trial, before this same Judge Cadwallader, for violating the Fugitive Slave law! Mark you, they may go into the court-room as *prisoners,* but not as *spectators!* They may not have an opportunity of hearing the law expounded, but they may be punished if they make themselves chargeable with violating it!

Sir, people talk of the bloody code of Draco, but I venture to assert, without fear of intelligent contradiction, that, all things considered, that code was mild, that code was a law of love, compared with the hellish laws and precedents that disgrace the statute-books of this modern Democratic, Christian Republic! I said that a man of color might not be a commander of the humblest craft that sails in your American waters. There was a man in Philadelphia, the other day, who stated that he owned and sailed a schooner between that city and different ports in the State of Maryland—that his vessel had been seized in the town of Easton (I believe it was), or some other town on the Eastern Shore, on the allegation that, contrary to law, there was no white man on board. The vessel constituted his entire property and sole means of supporting his family. He was advised to sue for its recovery, which he did, and, after a long and expensive litigation, the case was decided in his favor. But by this time the vessel had rotted and gone to wreck, and the man found himself reduced to beggary. His business in Philadelphia was to raise $50 with which to take himself and family out of this cursed land, to a country where liberty is not a mockery and freedom a mere idle name!

Sir, look for a moment at the detestable meanness of this country? What was the cause of your war of the Revolution? The tyrannical doctrine of taxation without representation! Who was the first martyr in your revolutionary war? Crispus Attucks, a negro. It was a black man's blood that was the first to flow in behalf of American independence. In the war of 1812, what class of your inhabitants showed themselves more unselfishly loyal and patriotic than the free people of color? None, sir. In Philadelphia the colored people organized themselves into companies, and vied with their more favored fellow-citizens in the zeal of their efforts to guard and protect the city. In Louisiana their bravery and soldier-like behavior was such as to elicit the warmest encomiums from General Jackson, the commander-in-chief of the Southern army. Listen to the language of General Jackson on that memorable occasion:

"Headquarters, Seventh Military District,
Mobile, Sept. 21, 1814.

"To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana.

"Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

"As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under a free and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence. Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not require you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the generosity of a soldier, and in the language of truth, I address you.

"To every noble-hearted free man of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty, in money and lands, now received by the white soldiers of the United States, namely, one hundred and twenty-four dollars in money and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

"Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men, in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons, or to just sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen. To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the lovers or of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of encolments, and will give you every necessary information, on the subject of this address.

"Andrew Jackson, Major-General Commanding."

This was the language of General Jackson at the opening of the campaign. Now hear him at its close.

"Soldiers—When, on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your white fellow citizens, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy; I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign; I knew well how...your bravery, your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children and property—you have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things. Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardor.

"The enemy approaches, his vessels cover our lakes; our brave citizens are united; all contention has ceased among them; their only dispute is who shall win the prize of valor, or who the most glory, its noblest reward. By order,

"Thos. Butler, Aid-de-Camp."

Sir, much as this country is indebted to the colored people for their aid in times of war, they are under still greater obligations for their services in times of peace. They have tilled your soil; their labor, South and North, has been a mine of wealth to you. Belie them as you will, a more honest, industrious, orderly or useful class, take them as a whole, is not to be found in the country. What is the testimony of your Baltimore Slaveholders' Convention—a convention called for the very purpose of denouncing the free blacks of Maryland as a nuisance that ought to be abated, either by their expulsion from the State, or their reduction to slavery? What was the testimony of that convention of the enemies of the black man? Why, that they were not a nuisance, but a useful class of the population, adding much to the wealth and prosperity of the State, and that their expulsion would be both impolitic and inhuman! The same testimony, in effect, is borne by Judge Catron, of Tennessee, and by the Governor of Missouri. I hold in my hand an extract from the New Orleans *Picayune,* of like testimony, which I will read:

"Our free colored population form a distinct class from those elsewhere in the United States. Far from being antipathetic to the whites, they have followed in their footsteps, and progressed with them, with a commendable spirit of emulation, in the various branches of industry most adapted to their sphere. Some of our best mechanics and artisans are to be found among the free colored men. They form the great majority of carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c., whose sudden emigration from this community would certainly be attended with some degree of annoyance; while we count them, in no small numbers, excellent musicians, jewellers, goldsmiths, tradesmen and merchants. As a general rule, the free colored people of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans, the 'creole colored people,' as they style themselves, are a sober, industrious and moral class, far advanced in education and civilization. From that class came the batalion of colored men who fought for the country under General Jackson in 1814-15, and whose remnants, veterans whom age has withered, are taken by the hand, on the anniversary of the glorious eighth of January, by their white brethren, and who proudly march with them under the same flag."

Sir, what class of your population are more peaceable and orderly than the free people of color? Who makes your mobs on your canal lines, and in the construction of your railroads? Who swell your mobs in your beer gardens, and in your Sunday excursions? Who make your Native and Anti-Native American mobs? Your Forrest and Macready mobs, which the military have to be called out to put down? I am sure, not the colored people! Not the native-born Americans who have tilled your soil in times of war, and whose reward has been disfranchisement and threatened annihilation, but your foreign-born European immigrants of yesterday—men who can't speak your language, and don't respect your laws. These are the people who are invested with all the franchises of the country, including that of trampling on the black man. These are the people who are, at the same time, the most turbulent and most insolent class of the whole American population. I am not what is called a Native American—I don't believe in measuring a man's rights either by the place of his birth or the color of his skin. I believe in the equal natural rights of all men; and hence it is that I protest against the anti-republican and unjust distinctions in favor of a stranger and foreigner against a native-born American, of whom no charge can be made except that of the complexion which the Almighty God has given him.

But, sir, narrow and proscriptive as, in my apprehension, is the spirit of what is called Native Americanism, there is another thing I regard as ten-fold more base and contemptible, and that is your American Democracy—your piebald and rotten Democracy, that talks loudly about equal rights, and at the same time tramples one-sixth of the population of the country in the dust, and declares that they have "no rights which a white man is bound to respect." And, sir, while I repudiate your Native Americanism and your bogus Democracy, allow me to add, at the same time, that I am not a Republican. I could not be a member of the Republican party if I were so disposed; I am disfranchised; I have no vote; I am put out of the pale of political society. The time was in Pennsylvania, under the old Constitution, when I could go to the polls as other men do, but your modern Democracy have taken away from me that right. Your Reform Convention, your Pierce Butlers—the man who, a year ago, put up nearly four hundred human beings on the block in Georgia, and sold them to the highest bidder—your Pierce Butlers disfranchised me, and I am without any political rights whatever. I am taxed to support a government which takes my money and tramples on me. But, sir, I would not be a member of the Republican party if it were in my power. How could I, a colored man, join a party that styles itself emphatically the "white man's party?" How could I, an Abolitionist, belong to a party that is and must of necessity be a pro-slavery party? The Republicans may be, and doubtless are, opposed to the extension of slavery, but they are sworn to support, and they *will* support, slavery where it already exists. Sir, elect William H Seward, that noblest Roman of them all, to the Presidency to-morrow, and the slaveholders of the South will have in that fact a guarantee of safety in the possession of their human property such as the election of no other man can give them. Sir, Mr. Seward believes in an "irrepressible conflict between enduring and antagonistic forces." But what intelligent slaveholder of the South does not believe the same thing? Sir, don't let us be carried away by fine-sounding abstractions; let us have something practical; give us a weaker man; give us another James Buchanan, or Franklin Pierce, and we will have an irrepressible conflict that all men can see and understand—a conflict like that which took place between the anti-slavery missionaries and pro-slavery planters of Jamaica—a conflict which precipitated the act of emancipation by the British Government, which set free in a day 800,000 human beings!

No, sir, I am not a Republican. I can never join a party the leaders of which conspire to expel us from the country. This is what your Bateses and Wades, Blairs, Doolittles and Greeleys are now doing. It is true they talk of doing it with our "own consent." But what of that? Let it once be settled in the public mind that we ought to leave the country, and it will not be long till measures are taken to compel us to leave. It is the old spirit of African Colonization revived under a new name; it is the old snake with a new skin—nothing more, nothing less. Sir, what right have Republican leaders to be plotters for the removal of a class of people who have expressed no desire to leave, but who, on the contrary, have expressed a strong purpose not to leave. Forty-three years ago, when the infamous scheme of African Colonization was first proposed, a public meeting of the colored people of Philadelphia was called to express their sentiments in regard to the measure. My honored father-in-law, the late James Forten, presided at the meeting, and the following is an extract from their proceedings:

"Whereas our ancestors (not of choice) were the first successful cultivators of the wilds of America, we, their descendants, feel ourselves entitled to participate in the blessings of her luxuriant soil, which their blood and sweat enriched; and that any measure, or system of measures, having a tendency to banish us from her bosom would not only be cruel, but in direct violation of those principles which have been the boast of this republic.

Now, sir, in connection with this, let me read an extract from *The New York Tribune.* Mr. Greeley was replying to an article in *The Detroit Free Press.* Hear what he says:

"Now, we cannot presume to give advice in the premises, because we make no pretensions to special interest in or liking for the African race. We love liberty, equality, justice, humanity—we will maintain the right of every man to himself and his own limbs and muscles; for in so doing we maintain and secure our own rights; but we do not like negroes, and heartily wish no individual of that race had ever been brought to America. We hope the day will come when the whole negro race in this country, being fully at liberty, will gradually, peacefully, freely draw off and form a community by themselves, somewhere toward the Equator, or join their brethren in lineage in Africa or the West Indies."

Mr. Greeley may, as he says, love liberty, &c., but I say that any man who can thus gratuitously express his dislike for an oppressed race, and thus wantonly disregard their feelings, however much of a political reformer he may be, is lacking in the nobler sentiments of a man and the instincts of a true gentleman. Mr. Greeley and other Republican leaders in the party seem disposed to put this Colonization project into their creed, or make it a plank in their platform. Let them do so, and they will sink their party so deep into the abyss of perdition that the trump of the Angel Gabriel would not bring it to a resurrection. Sir, have these men, that talk thus flippantly about not "liking the negro race," no feeling, or do they suppose we have none? Are we not men? "Have we not eyes? Have we not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Sir, in contrast with the feelings manifested by Mr. Greeley and other Republican leaders toward the colored man, look at that noble martyr and saint, the immortal hero of Harper's Ferry. John Brown believed what he professed, and practised what he believed,

"He nobly acted what he nobly thought,
And sealed by death the lessons which he taught."

He believed that the black man was a man, and he laid down his life to secure for him the rights of man. Who can look at the noble hero, and see him stoop on his way to the scaffold to kiss the negro child, and not be struck with admiration of his fidelity and sublime consistency? Sir, the anti-slavery cause is onward; its doctrines are destined to triumph in this country; and no party can succeed that refuses to acknowledge it. Slavery will be abolished in this land, and with it that twin relic of barbarism, prejudice against color.

The President—It is no mere form of rhetorical expression, it is no idle compliment, to say that the anti-slavery cause, on both sides of the Atlantic, has been more indebted to woman than to man. It was Elizabeth Heyrick, of immortal memory, who taught Wilberforce and Clarkson how to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and to make no compromise with slavery. It was a noble woman, who, many years ago, lifted up her voice in behalf of the oppressed—a voice which electrified the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands and enlisted them for life in the cause of the down-trodden and the dumb; and though she has gone to another world, yet, "being dead, she yet speaketh," and in one of her beautiful poems she asks—

"Shall we behold unheeding life's holiest feelings crushed?
When woman's heart is bleeding, shall woman's voice be hushed?"

There are two millions of women in this country who are made marketable property, articles of merchandise. I present to you, on this occasion, as the next speaker, a noble woman, who will come here to speak not only for her sex, but for your liberty and mine, in the person of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

SPEECH OF ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Mrs. Stanton, on rising, was greeted with loud and hearty applause. She read the following resolution, as containing the thought which she was anxious to urge upon the attention of those whom she was about to address.

Resolved, That the crowning excellence and glory of the anti-slavery enterprise is that, while its first grand design is the redemption of the Ethiopian of the South from *chattel bondage,* it is also, through the genius and power of Eternal Truth, liberating and elevating universal humanity above all the behests of custom, creed, conventionalism or constitution, wherever they usurp unrighteous authority over the individual soul; and thus, while our first care is the emancipation of the Southern slave, we are, under the Divine economy, at the same time working out our own salvation, and hastening the triumph of Love and Liberty over all forms of oppression and cruelty, throughout the earth.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen and Ladies: This is generally known as the platform of one idea—that is negro slavery. In a certain sense this may be true, but the most casual observation of this whole anti-slavery movement, of your lives, conventions, public speeches and journals, shows this one idea to be a great humanitarian one. The motto of your leading organ, "The world is my country and all mankind my countrymen," proclaims the magnitude and universality of this one idea, which takes in the whole human family, irrespective of nation, color, caste or sex, with all their interests, temporal and spiritual—a question of religion, philanthropy, political economy, commerce, education and social life, on which depends the very existence of this republic, of the state, of the family, the sacredness of the lives and property of Northern freemen, the holiness of the marriage relation, and the perpetuity of the Christian religion. Such are the various phases of the question you are wont to debate in your conventions. They all grow out of and legitimately belong to that *so-called* petty, insignificant, annoying subject, which thrusts up its head everywhere in Church and State—the "eternal nigger." But in settling the question of the negro's rights, we find out the exact limits of our own, for rights never clash or interfere; and where no individual in a community is denied his rights, the mass are the more perfectly protected in theirs; for whenever any class is subject to fraud or injustice, it shows that the spirit of tyranny is at work, and no one can tell where or how or when the infection will spread. The health of the body politic depends on the sound condition of every member. Let but the finest nerve or weakest muscle be diseased, and the whole man suffers; just so the humblest and most ignorant citizen cannot be denied his rights without deranging the

Miscellaneous Department.

THE THREESCORE AND TEN.

The following animated lines are, we understand, the effusion of a veteran poet, the Rev. Dr. Croly; and were produced by him at a recent select literary party at Brighton, on proposing the health of the senior member in the chair, himself well known as the editor of *Churchill*, and one of the oldest surviving correspondents of Sylvanus Urban:

Let Poetry sing of the raptures of Youth,
With its glances all fire, and its feelings all truth;
When life's strewn with roses in summer's first dye,
And the hours, like young Cupids, on wings seem to fly;
When the fancy is dazzled with passion's first beam,
And the world spreads before it—a beautiful dream!
Let *boys* have their visions, I now speak to *men*;
And have something to say for the Threescore and Ten!

What is Youth! a gay sailor! he makes his first trip—
All delight in the trim of his silken-sailed ship;
The breeze, all encountment, the sun in his height,
The sky in its splendor, the surges all bright;
But—the clouds stoop around him, the breeze grows a gale,
The breakers are rising, a flash strikes the sail;
In vain he would tack to the harbor again;
And longs for thy anchorage, Threescore and Ten.

What is Youth! a recruit! all ribands and glory,
Exulting to flourish in England's proud story.
What cares he for danger! to danger he flies,
His reward of rewards, Beauty's smiles, or her sighs.
But, *then*—comes the battle! he's left on the ground
In darkness, unsheltered, his wounds all unbound,
To perish, alone! in what bitterness then
He thinks of the fireside of Threescore and Ten!

What is Youth! a bold gamester! who stakes against Fate,
At a table of swindlers in Church or in State;
He flings his last venture for fortune and fame—
To find one a *cheat*, and the other a *name*.
With despair in his heart, and disdain in his eye,
He turns from the table, and turns, but to die.
He's the eagle no more, he now cuvies the wren;
And pines for the peace of the Threescore and Ten.

When the sun pours the splendors of noon on our eyes,
Those splendors but veil the true pomp of the skies;
'Tis but when he sinks in the surges of Even,
That we see, in his grandeur, the star-studded heaven.
The horizon of life thus grows clearer by years,
Man is freed from his fever of hopes and of fears;
What was storm on the mountain is calm in the glen,
And he feels the true joys of the Threescore and Ten.

When the rivulet springs from the Alps' crown of snow,
It dashes in sunshine and silver below;
Then struggles its wearisome way through the plain,
Till 'tis lost in the depths of the fathomless main;
And yet, not *all* lost, it is destined to rise,
And float in the sun-colored light of the skies;
But, *here* drops the pencil, and falters the pen!
The theme is too high for the Threescore and Ten.

Now a "health of the heart" to the head of the table!
The *Man* who best proves that our verse is no fable;
Who, whether in youth, in manhood, or age,
Has left not a blot in his life's lengthened page;
Who the vigor of life with its virtues still blends,
And whose years are but ties on the hearts of his friends!
So here's the Symposium, in bumpers; and then—
"One cheer more" for the *triumphs* of Threescore and Ten.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

FEMALE ARTISTS.

There is scarcely any sphere of activity in which female taste and genius have been more successfully exerted than in that of the fine arts. Women have been admirable artists in almost every department of painting—in landscape, *genre*, portrait and history. They have also been excellent sculptors, skilful carvers of gems and cameos, and accomplished engravers on copper and wood. Even ladies of the highest rank have not disdained to devote their talents to painting and sculpture, and have valued success achieved in these pursuits more highly than their lofty position and hereditary honors. Thus, Maria Anna, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, acquired considerable reputation from her skill in genre painting and etching; Charlotte, Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of the Two Sicilies, was a member of the Academy of Painting at Vienna; the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., drew with much taste, and was an excellent engraver, and one of her fancy pieces, entitled *Cupid Turned Volunteer*, which appeared in 1804, in a series of prints engraved with poetical illustrations, attracted general admiration. But perhaps the most gifted artist of royal descent was the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, though her early death prevented the full development of her genius. Her life-size statue of the maid of Orleans at Versailles is full of grace and animation; and her last work—an angel in white marble, on the sarcophagus of her brother in the chapel of Sablonville—seems almost the result of inspiration. Besides these ladies, born in the shadow of the purple, we might mention—on the continent of Europe—the Duchess Sophia of Coburg-Saalfeld, the Duchess of Aveiro, the Baroness von Freiberg, Anna Amalia of Brunswick, the Princess Louise Hollandina, sister of the fiery Prince Rupert, and many others, distinguished alike for high birth and artistic skill; and—in our own country—the Lady Dorothea Saville, the Countess Spencer, Lady Amherst, Margaret Countess of Lucan, Mrs. Damer and Lady Diana Spencer, for whose drawings Walpole entertained such an enthusiastic admiration that, in 1776, he built a hexagonal tower for the reception of what he terms "seven incomparable drawings by Lady Diana" illustrating scenes from his *Mysterious Mother*. In 1796, this lady produced designs for a translation of Bürger's famous ballad of *Leonore;* and she also furnished a series of drawings to illustrate a splendid folio edition of Dryden's Fables. Passing, however, from these illustrious personages, who made art the pastime and solace, rather than the business of life, we shall cast a rapid glance over the lives of some of the most distinguished female artists who have adorned the various schools of Europe.*

The first centuries which witnessed the revival of art in Italy, after the long night of darkness and barbarism which followed the dismemberment of the Roman empire, afford but few names of celebrated female artists. Germany produced the first female sculptor whose fame has reached us, in the person of Sabina von Steinbach, daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, architect of the glorious cathedral of Strasbourg. Her genius for modelling showed itself early; and she had the principal charge of the execution of the sculptured groups which ornament the cathedral. The figures on the portal of the southern aisle, which embody the symbolical and supernatural elements that pervade medieval sculpture, are admirable specimens of her style. Here are allegorical figures representing the Christian Church and Judaism; the first of lofty bearing and winning grace, with crowned heads, bearing the cross in their right hands, and, in their left, the consecrated host. The other figures stand with downcast eyes and drooping head; in their right hands, a broken arrow; in their left, the shattered tablets of the Mosaic Law. There are also four bas-reliefs representing the glorification of the Virgin; her death and burial on one side, and, on the other, her entrance into heaven, and triumphant coronation. An old painting at Strasbourg depicts Sabina kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, to receive his blessing, and a laurel crown which he is placing on her brow; and there is a local tradition that the fair sculptor, after her work was finished, on her return from seeing her statues placed in their niches, was met by a procession of priests, headed by the archbishop, who came to confer that honor upon her.

The most celebrated female artist of the fifteenth century was Margaret van Eyck, sister of the famous brothers John and Hubert, the great luminaries of early Flemish art. She was admitted a member of the guild of painters at Ghent in 1418, and devoted herself to art, preserving her spinsterhood throughout life for its sake. The checkered career of Oonrata Rediana, another female painter of this century, offers a marked contrast to the quiet laborious life of Margaret van Eyck. Oonrata was born in Lombardy, and, while still very young, acquired such fame as a painter that the Marchese Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, gave her the charge of decorating his palace. She was very beautiful, but of a resolute and spirited character, so that, on being insulted by a libertine courtier while engaged in painting at the palace, she resented his violence by stabbing him to the heart with her dagger. She then made her escape from the palace, disguised herself in men's clothes, fled from Cremona, and enlisted in a band of condottieri, under a leader named Lampugnano. Here her courage and activity soon gained her a command; and for thirty years she divided her attention between war and painting. When Castelleone, her native place, was besieged by the Venetians, she hastened with her company to its relief; and, though victory crowned her efforts, she was mortally wounded in the combat, and died in 1472.

The sixteenth century was somewhat richer in female artists than that which preceded it, among the chief of whom was Irene de Spilimberg, a pupil of Titian, who has immortalized her by a beautiful portrait. She was of noble birth and great beauty, but died on the very threshold of life, having scarcely reached nineteen. Tasso has celebrated her charms in a sonnet; and her early death called forth a number of poems and orations, which were collected and published at Venice, twenty years after the melancholy event which had given rise to them. Another accomplished Venetian painter of this century was Marrietta Robusti, the daughter and pupil of the great Tintoretto. She was handsome and sprightly, and, besides her skill in painting, was a pleasing performer on the lute and other musical instruments. Portrait-painting was the branch of art in which she chiefly excelled; and several of her pictures are still to be seen in Venice. The Emperor Maximilian, Philip II. of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand, successively offered her the position of court-painter; but she refused to part from her father, who was devotedly attached to her, and remained in Venice, where she died, in the flower of her age, in 1590. This century was also illustrated by Properzia Rossi, the first Italian female sculptor. She was born in Bologna, and her natural genius was improved and strengthened by a careful and finished education. She sang and played on several instruments, and was further famous for her orderly disposal of household matters. She at first exercised her skill on peach stones, carving on a single stone the crucifixion of our Lord—a work containing a number of figures, wonderful for the delicate grace of the execution, and the masterly composition of the whole. There is still preserved in the cabinet of gems in the Florentine Gallery a cherry-stone on which Properzia has carved a chorus of saints, in which seventy heads may be counted. Her statues and bas-reliefs in white marble were much admired, and some specimens of the latter may still be seen in the church of San Petronio. She also drew well in pen and ink, and was a skilful engraver on copper. She pined away, and died of grief, arising from an unrequited passion for Anton Galeazzo Malvasia, a proud young patrician, who disdained to wed with one who bore a less ancient name than his own.

About this time, the town of Cremona was renowned for the talents in music and painting of the Angosciola family, in which were no fewer than six sisters—Helena, Sofonisba, Minerva, Europa, Lucia and Anna Maria, all accomplished artists. The second sister, Sofonisba, was the most celebrated. She was born about 1535, and by 1559 her name had become famous throughout Italy. She was patronized by the pope and viceroy of Naples, and was invited to the court of Spain by Philip II. There she was magnificently received and entertained, being conducted to the court with regal pomp, having a train of two patrician ladies as maids of honor, two chamberlains, and six livery-servants. At the Spanish court, she lived in great honor and esteem; and when she married Don Fabrizio de Moncada, feudal lord of Sicily, Philip and his queen bestowed upon her a dowry of 12,000 crowns, and a pension of 1,000, besides rich presents and jewels. Sofonisba died at Genoa in extreme old age, where, to the last, even after the loss of her eyesight, her palace was the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of that republic. During his stay in Genoa, Vandyke was frequently her guest, and used to say that he had received more instruction from the conversation of this blind old woman than from his studies of the greatest masters.

The school of the Caracci at Bologna produced a great female painter in Lavinia Fontana, whose portraits commanded enormous prices, and were contended for by nobles and princes. Her master-piece is said to be her own portrait, now in the collection of Count Zappi at Imola, and which has been engraved by Rossini for his history of Italian painting. She was a member of the Roman Academy, and died at Rome in 1614. But, undoubtedly, the greatest female artist of the seventeenth century was Elizabeth Sirani. Her sisters, Anna and Barbara, were also painters, but their names have been almost lost in the brighter renown of their gifted and unfortunate sister. Elisabetta was a pupil of Guido Reni; and from him—the most graceful, facile and versatile master of the Bolognese school—she derived her exquisite sense of beauty, her rapidity of handling, and her fertility of invention. Her industry was unwearied, and she excelled in sculpture, engraving, music and poetry, as well as in painting. When only twenty years old, she painted a fine picture of the baptism of Jesus; and, from her seventeenth to her twenty-sixth year, in which she died, she produced 150 pictures, many of them of large size, and carefully painted. Elisabetta died of poison administered by one of her own maids; and her early and tragic death plunged all Bologna in sorrow. She was interred in the same vault which contained the ashes of her master, Guido Reni. Soon after her death, a work was published containing a collection of poetical eulogies of her character and genius by the most distinguished poets of the day. Elisabetta's works are remarkable for their correctness of design and beauty of coloring; to the heads of Madonnas and Magdalens, in particular, she succeeded in communicating an affecting and charming expression. Several of her finest works are still preserved in Bologna, among them a St. Francis of Padua kneeling before the infant Christ, and a Virgin and St. Anne contemplating the sleeping Savior. Aniella di Rosa, a fair Neapolitan artist, resembled Elisabetta Sirani in her talents and in her tragic fate. She was stabbed by her husband in a mad fit of groundless jealousy. A noble painting by her hand is yet to be seen in the church of the Pietà, at Naples.

Elizabeth Sophie Cheron, a French artist of the seventeenth century, claims a brief notice from the versatility and brilliancy of her acquirements. She was an accomplished poetess, translated many of the psalms into French verse, played on the lute, and fascinated all who approached her by her beauty and engaging manners. She painted portraits and historical pieces, and designed much after the antique. At twenty-six, she was admitted a member of the French Academy, on the proposal of Charles Lebrun, and presented her own portrait as her reception-piece. She died in 1711, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at St. Sulpice.

We may next notice two ornaments of the Dutch school—Maria van Oosterwyck and Rachel Ruysch—both celebrated as flower-painters. The first was a pupil of David Heem. Her pictures were much sought after, and commanded enormous prices. William III. of England paid her 900 florins for a painting; the Emperor Leopold and his empress sent her their portraits set in diamonds, in token of their esteem and admiration; and the king of Poland purchased three of her pieces for 2,400 florins. One day she received a visit from a young man who was anxious to see some of her works, and his admiration for them soon warmed into love for the gifted artist; but, on his declaring his passion, Maria replied that she was determined never to marry. On being further pressed, however, she agreed to accept her wooer, whose unsteady disposition she had noticed, on condition that he should work ten hours a day for a whole year. The youth promised readily, but was too fickle to keep his word. His studio was opposite Maria's, and she watched him closely from her window, marking on the sash each day he was absent from his work. At the end of the year, he appeared to claim her hand; but retired confounded and conscience-stricken, when his mistress pointed out to him the record of his idle days. Rachel Ruysch carried flower-painting to a perfection never before attained by a woman, her pictures rivalling those of De Heem, Van Huysum, and Van Ælst, in truth to nature, brilliancy of color, tasteful selection, and skilful grouping. In 1701, the Academical Society of the Hague elected her a member, her diploma-picture being a beautiful piece of roses and other flowers. Her great patron was the elector, John of the Pfalz, who appointed her his painter in ordinary, made her many magnificent presents, and stood godfather to one of her children. Of these last, Rachel had no fewer than ten by her marriage with the portrait-painter, Julian van Pool. She bestowed great pains upon her pictures, and is said to have been occupied for seven years over two pieces—one of fruit, and the other of flowers—which she bestowed as a marriage-portion upon one of her children. She died in 1750, at the age of eighty-six.

The career of Maria Sibylla Merian was a strange and adventurous one. She was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1647, where her father occupied a distinguished position as geographer and engraver. He published a topographical account of Germany in thirty-one folio volumes. From early childhood, she manifested a great taste for natural history, and a fondness for examining and collecting specimens of vegetable and animal life. In painting, she had lessons from the famous flower-painter, Abraham Mignon. While engaged in examining the habits of insects, she made drawings on parchment; and, encouraged by the applause of her friends, published, in 1679, a work entitled *The Wonderful Transformation of Caterpillars*, a quarto volume with copper-plate engravings, executed by herself after her own drawings. Subsequently, like Maria Schurmann, another famous female artist of the seventeenth century, she joined the sect of the Labadists; and, in 1699, assisted by the states of Holland, she undertook a laborious and expensive journey to Surinam, for the purpose of observing the metamorphoses of the American insects. She remained in America for two years, until her health broke down under the fatigue of her studies and the unfavorable effects of the climate. On her return to Holland, her splendid paintings of insects, executed on parchment, excited general admiration; she herself engraved them for publication; and her labors were rewarded by the sale of many successive editions. Her principal work is entitled *History of the Insects of Europe, drawn from Nature, and Explained by Maria Sibylla Merian.*

Angelica Kauffman may justly be termed the greatest female artist of the eighteenth century, and the romantic circumstances of her life add interest to her career as a painter. Raphael Mengs, Fuseli and Goethe have all borne testimony to her singular abilities. She was born in 1741, among the lovely scenery which surrounds Coire, the capital of the Grisons. Her father was a painter, and, at the early age of nine years, Angelica was much noticed on account of her wonderful pastel pictures. She spent many of her youthful years in the beautiful town of Como, for which she always entertained a warm affection; afterwards, at Milan, her genius received an impulse from the contemplation of the works of Lionardo, the greatest of the Lombard masters, and was subsequently still further developed by a residence at Florence, Rome and Bologna. At Rome, she painted the portrait of the famous Winckelmann; and, at Venice, made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth, who afterwards took her to London. There she found a brilliant and lucrative career opening before her. Her talents, beauty and fascinating manners, procured her a host of admirers, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds and her countryman, Fuseli. She was appointed to a professorship in the London Academy of Arts; was one of the twenty-two artists who signed the petition to George III. for the establishment of the Royal Academy; and her name occurs, along with those of Richard Wilson, Zuccarelli, Gainsborough and Sir J. Reynolds, among the thirty-six original members. Her brilliant existence in London, courted, caressed and admired, was, however, clouded over by the infamous contrivance of a libertine nobleman, whose advances she had twice rejected with scorn. She was tricked into a marriage with a low-born adventurer—who at that time played a conspicuous part in London society, by assuming the name of his master, Count Frederick de Horn—and discovered, when too late, that the pretended count was not only an impostor, but that he was already married to another woman. This fraud, of which she was the innocent victim, did not at all diminish the general respect with which she was regarded; the queen assured her of her sympathy, and she was a greater favorite with the public than before. In 1781, she married the Venetian painter, Antonio Zucchi; and, after fifteen years' residence in London, went to Rome, which she made her permanent abode. Her house was there the centre of attraction to the artistic and literary society of the place; and there she made the acquaintance of Herder, Goethe, and many other master-spirits of the age. She was a very prolific artist, and her works are to be found in Vienna, Munich, London, Florence, Rome and Paris. Her portrait, painted by herself, hangs in the Pitti Palace, beside those of two distinguished female artists, Maria Robusti and Madame Lebrun. She died at Rome in 1807. All the members of the Academy of St. Luke followed her remains to their last resting-place, and, as in the case of Raphael, her latest pictures were borne after her bier. Her bust is preserved in the Pantheon.

In our own country, several distinguished female artists flourished during the latter part of the eighteenth century, among whom the foremost place belongs to Mrs. Damer. She is the only woman placed by Allan Cunningham in his gallery of British sculptors, an honor which she well deserved by her unwearied efforts to render herself more conspicuous by the dignity of genius than by that of rank. Her birth, wealth and connections entitled her to a life of ease and luxury; but she preferred to that the cultivation of the remarkable talents with which she was endowed. She made herself familiar with the classic authors of old Rome, as well as with those of England, France, and Italy; took lessons in modelling from Cerrachi, learned the practical part of working in marble in the studio of the elder Bacon, and studied anatomy with Cruikshanks. At the age of nineteen, she was married to the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, an extravagant fop, who scattered a princely fortune in the course of a few years, and terminated his life with a pistol in the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776. His wardrobe, sold by auction, fetched £15,000. After his death, Mrs. Damer travelled through France, Spain and Italy, prosecuting her studies in sculpture. In 1780, she carved a group of sleeping dogs for the Duke of Richmond, her brother-in-law, and another for Queen Charlotte; and subsequently, she completed a statue of the king, which was placed in the Register Office, Edinburgh. Her favorite heroes were Fox, Nelson and Napoleon, with all of whom she was personally acquainted. She executed busts of the two former; and Napoleon, when she was presented to him in Paris, asked her for a bust of Fox, and, on receiving it, rewarded the fair donor with a splendid snuff-box and his portrait set with diamonds. There is a beautiful bust of Mrs. Damer, executed by herself, in the British Museum; and her fine group of "the Death of Cleopatra," representing the closing scene of Shakspeare's tragedy, modelled in basso-relievo, was engraved by Hellyer as a vignette title to the second volume of Boydell's Shakspeare. She died in the summer of 1828, in her eightieth year, leaving directions that her apron and sculptor's tools should be buried in her coffin.

In France, the most distinguished woman-artist of last century was Madame Lebrun, celebrated not only for the precocity and vigor of her pictorial talents, but also for her extreme beauty, her musical accomplishments, and her fascinating manners. She was the idol of Parisian society, and her brilliant receptions, and charming *petits soupers*, to which only a few chosen guests were admitted, became famous throughout the whole of France. She was painter-in-ordinary to Marie Antoinette, and member of the academies of Paris, Bologna, Parma, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. In her autobiography—which she published in 1835, under the title of *Souvenirs*—she enumerates the paintings she had finished during her life. These amounted to 662 portraits, 15 large compositions, and 200 landscape pieces, sketched during her travels in England and Switzerland. She died in March 1842, having completed her eighty-seventh year.

In our own days, there are probably more female artists on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and America, than at any former period of the world's history; among whom are ladies accomplished in almost every department of the fine arts, while one of their number—Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur—has carried that branch of painting to which she has devoted herself to a degree of perfection never surpassed, and, though still in the flower of her age, has succeeded in achieving a world-wide fame. From these contemporary artist-celebrities, we shall select two—Mademoiselle de Fauveau, and Harriet Hosmer—and close our sketches with a brief account of their history. Félicie de Fauveau was born in Tuscany, of French parents, and was taken while yet an infant to Paris. Her family were keen Legitimists, her mother especially, esteeming it an honor to endure suffering and toil for the Bourbon race; and her chivalrous sentiments of devotion were afterwards shared by her accomplished daughter, who has always held her political opinions dearer even than art itself. Félicie's early studies were varied and profound—ancient history, classical and moral languages, heraldry and archæology, by turns claiming her attention. At first, she attempted oil-painting; but, after being initiated into the method of modelling in clay, she soon discovered that sculpture was her true vocation. She was learned in the feudal and chivalrous traditions of the middle ages, took Benvenuto Cellini for her model, and was ambitious of reviving those famous days when sculpture lent its aid to the goldsmith, the jeweller, the clockmaker, and the armorer. She modelled, in clay or wax, brooches and ornaments, sword-hilts and scabbards; and her designs for gold and silver embellishments are unrivalled in elegance and felicity of invention. She soon rose to the head of that department of art to which she had devoted herself, was constantly occupied in working for private galleries, and had received a commission to model two grand doors for the gallery of the Louvre, after the style of Ghiberti's famous gates of the Baptistery at Florence, when the revolution of 1830 put an end to her artist career in Paris. In concert with Madame F. de la Rochejaquelein, she took an active part in organizing a political conspiracy in La Vendée, and was arrested and consigned to the prison of Angers, where she was detained for seven months, solacing her captivity by modelling a variety of groups and monuments. Scarcely had she been at liberty, when—emboldened by the appearance of the Duchess of Berry in La Vendée—she again engaged in political intrigues, and, on the discovery and failure of her plots, was exiled from France, compelled to break up her Parisian studio at a ruinous sacrifice, and take refuge in Florence, along with her mother and brother. There the little family for a time endured great privations; but better days soon dawned, and the unwearied labors of Mademoiselle de Fauveau have now been rewarded by the attainment of a modest independence. Her last and most important work is the monument erected in the church of Santa Croce, to the memory of Louise Favreau, by her parents. There are two admirable portraits of Mademoiselle de Fauveau—one by Giraud, and the other by Ary Scheffer.

The scene now changes from the banks of the Arno to the United States, where Harriet Hosmer was born in 1831. Her father was a physician of Massachusetts who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a similar fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon her following an out-door life as indispensable to her health. A fearless horse-woman, a good shot, and an adept in rowing, swimming, diving and skating, Miss Hosmer is a single instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. From her earliest years she showed a strong love for art, and might often be found in a certain clay-pit, not far from her father's house, attempting to model horses, dogs, sheep, men and women, or any other objects that had attracted her attention. As a girl, she was full of fun and frolic, with little taste for study, and a strong liking for practical jokes. On one occasion, she had rallied a physician who was attending her upon his want of punctuality, upon which he promised to be more regular in his attendance, and said that, if alive, he would see her on a day specified. "Then, if you are not here," was Miss Hosmer's reply, "I am to conclude that you are dead." The appointed day and hour arrived, but no doctor; in the evening, Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and, next morning, the newspapers announced the death of Dr. ——, and half Boston rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for his family, and inquire into the cause of his sudden and unexpected decease. At nineteen years of age, Miss Hosmer began steadily to prosecute her art-studies. She received lessons in drawing and modelling at Boston, and attended a course of anatomy in the St. Louis College under the superintendence of Dr. M'Dowell. Although she thus set conventional rules at defiance by becoming a regular anatomical student, her character for courage and skill in the use of firearms effectually protected her from all annoyance, and, at the close of her studies, she received a diploma of anatomical proficiency. In the summer of 1852, she finished her first work of importance, an ideal head of Hesper in white marble, which was very generally and justly admired. At this period of her career, the great ambition of her life was to go and study in Rome; and, in October 1852, she and her father set out for Europe, taking with them the St. Louis diploma, and daguerreotypes of Hesper, as credentials of the knowledge and genius of the young aspirant to renown. On their arrival in Rome, the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, the great sculptor, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, the favorite resort of the Roman artists, when, after a long, silent and attentive study of them, he exclaimed: "Send the young lady to me, and whatever I know and can teach her, she shall learn." Soon afterwards, Miss Hosmer was duly installed in Gibson's studio, and, since then, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the master and pupil. She has now taken a high rank as a sculptor. Her statue of Puck—so full of life, originality and fun—has been often repeated; and the Prince of Wales, on his late visit to Rome, purchased a "Puck" by her hand to add to his collection. A figure of the Cenci; a fountain with the story of Hylas; a monument in the church of San Andrea delle Fratte, to the memory of a beautiful young lady; and a statue of Zenobia, destined for America, are among her most important works.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

*Ample information with regard to *Woman Artists* will be found in a work recently published by Mrs Ellet, under that title, of which we have made free use in preparing the present article.

Mr. Monckton Milnes divides his favors between *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Cornhill*—the new number of the former, as well as of the latter, receiving a contribution from him.

SLAVE PREACHING.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Louisville, Kentucky, Sunday, 7th.

The colored church where I went this afternoon haunts me. I was there at half-past two to see the Sunday School. Saw a pretty little delicate white girl teaching five or six little boys, woolly-headed but nice little fellows. The little girl was ten years old, and her pupils eight or nine; you should have seen her little motherly ways, passing her white hands over their black foreheads and wool to encourage them. I never saw a prettier sight. You think of Eva. So did I! In another pew a fine young black (quite black), with that lovely, Christ-like expression of noble patience, was telling a class of boys of God's judgments towards the righteous: he was very simple and eloquent, but quite on the wrong tack, because God does not reward all even with gold medals in this world, quite the reverse.

After the school came the service. I sat humbly down on a back seat, a negro said "Ma'am, go forward to the front, ma'am," so I moved into a pew higher up, but not quite in advance; the negroes in the pew said "Go to the front seat."

I said "No, thank you, but why?"

"Why! because whites don't like to sit with blacks."

"I am English, not American!"

Then they sang,

"He sends his word of truth and love
To all the nations from above;
Jehovah is resolved to show
What his almighty power can do." Etc.

I thought so when I heard the sermon, and saw the real religious feeling with which it was listened to. The text was, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." The black man preached upon the character of a good pastor very well, with feeling and eloquence, then he spoke of the perfect pastor, and of aspiration in all to be like him. One sentence was remarkable and given with an astounding power of expression: "*The master passion of man is to imitate God.*"

I think he believed it, and that it was felt as true by his flock. After he sat down, notices were read; one was "The panorama of Europe will be opened for colored people on Monday." I stayed and talked to the women, who were very much enchanted with me. I was the only white there.

January 10th.

At five o'clock went into the black church; there were eight hundred or a thousand negroes, slave or free, and a white man, preaching a sermon about the judgment-day, describing the tortures of the damned. The negroes shrieked and howled, and repeated the words "be damned," "all be judged," "justice done," "blessed Lamb," "God my Lord," jumping up and howling them out, and some of the women going on jumping and calling out until they fell down exhausted at the bottom of the pew. After the sermon, four babies and four or five adults were baptized; two of the babies were very white; two were mulattoes; one baby was as white as any I ever saw, and had blue eyes and flaxen hair. Then we all sang "Passing away," and I went out, and the Sunday school began. I wished much to stay, but was quite tired out by the excitement. I shall go again some Sunday. I saw some noble heads there: two mulatto men with heads like a bust I remember marked Vespasian in the Vatican; they must have been brothers, though they were not together. Many, it is true, resembled monkeys, but the majority were not disagreeable in feature, and had an attentive expression very touching to see. A white lady spoke to me, and said she thought there was more religion in the African than in the American race; that the poor, suffering creatures naturally turned to their heavenly Father. I thought of a line of Mrs. Browning's,

"And they say God be merciful, who ne'er said God be praised!"

Sunday, 24th.

Went to the church for colored people; in the court-yard I stopped a very dark man, and asked him if there were many slaves in the congregation; he said nearly all were slaves. I went in and heard the same singing I had heard before, and was more than ever struck with the intense expression of devotion on many faces. After the singing, a colored man from his pew prayed something after this manner: "O heavenly Father! we would ask thee to come down and visit our hearts this evening. Fill us with thy love, it is only thy spirit which can turn us to righteousness; let this time with thee be a holy time, far withdrawn from all worldly thoughts. Let thy spirit, O God! *be around, about, and within us. Steep us in thy holy love.*" There is something more pathetic than words can describe in the earnest devotion of this African race. I am sure they do believe in God and a future life with a vividness of faith very rare in Europeans. Olmsted does not believe they are really religious; he calls it superstition. Now, I call it religion, because they take patience and consolation from their belief in God's eternal justice and love.

Did I tell you what happened to Mr. Spring when he came South, and visited a slave-owner who had a sick daughter? The slave-owner said, "Will you come and hear my negroes pray? one prays very well." Mr. S. assented; they went to the negro quarter, and the master said, "Now, Uncle Dick, give us a *short* prayer." Uncle Dick began: "O God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, etc., we thank thee for thy goodness to us daily, etc.; we bless thy name, etc, and pray *that thy daughter be restored to health.*" He forgot God, you see, and thought only of his master's presence.

New Orleans, Sunday, February 7th.

At nine went to the Sunday school of the colored church; the same church I have visited twice before. It was formerly called John Wesley's, but now St. Paul's. At the door was seated an old black woman enjoying the sunshine, and, as no one was near, I asked her questions. She said she was from Maryland, but had been here fifty-one years, she has been free since last July, having bought herself for twenty-five dollars. (In England we should give an old woman like her twenty-five dollars to provide for herself the rest of her life.) She said it was rather hard to have worked eighteen years for the same mistress, and then have to give her twenty-five dollars that she might belong to herself. There is a certain dignity in the bearing of a free negro when they say they belong to themselves, which I should be glad to see in many of our people who belong to themselves, but do not know how much they are worth, because they have never been slaves. She said she had always lived "a genteel life"—i.e., always sober—had had but one husband and only two children, both free, one in heaven, the other in Indiana with her husband, a free man. She asked me for a picayune when I came away. I heard loud cries, prayers, and bursts of singing, from a room behind the pulpit, and asked if I might go in; she said "Yes, it was one of the class teachers leading his class into glory." But when I tried to get in, I was told no stranger was admitted. I was intensely disappointed, but respected the veto. It was not a show, and I was glad of it. I heard enough to know the class was in a state of ecstacy of glory. I went into the chapel and sat down with ten children who were repeating a "*Catechism for the use of the Methodist Missions.*" Afterwards they sang hymns, one "I wish I were an angel," to the tune "I'd be a butterfly." I could not help singing, too, they enjoyed it so that it was quite catching. Now, if I were a Barnum or an Abolitionist, I think I should buy up five hundred little black angels, and take them all over the world singing hymns and learning to be good free people, by which means we might gain one hundred thousand pounds, free five hundred "niggers," and prove what they could do.

These little creatures seemed made of music, for when the teacher said "Common metre!" away they went, every one, down to the five-year-old, and no one leading them. They do not sing well, but their voices are good and their idea of time perfect. The teacher gave very little instruction, but the way with the children was good and they never got tired for a minute. During an hour and a half they were quite easily interested, but like little balls of quicksilver in their motions; they wanted lessons like Fröbel's, but, with the exception of this natural restlessness, they were a "likely set," and an English teacher would have enjoyed teaching them. I do not think one was a negro, they were mulattoes, griffes, etc. After the lesson, I spoke to the teacher, a mulatto with a pleasant face; he told me he taught spelling and reading. Now, it is against the law to teach slaves, and the greater part of these little ones were slaves, but such laws cannot be obeyed.

I walked down the street with a negro man, who promised to show me the Baptist church, but feared it was shut up—would go and see—the pavement was narrow and the negro bowed himself to the outside with the grace of a well-bred Englishman. The negroes here have a very agreeable manner, nothing exaggerated or ridiculous, such as the American caricatures would lead you to suppose. The black church was a rickety, barnlike building, large enough to hold seven or eight hundred, with a verandah and seats outside, and a few trees in the yard just putting out their beautiful leaves. There were three negroes in the verandah and a white man inside the door, sitting on a chair; he held a baton, and looked ready for a scrimmage, his face was shrewd and kind, and I liked his appearance.

"Isn't there service this morning?" said I to Mr. P., as we will call him.

Mr. P. burst out in an indignant voice, "Of course there is; of course. Why, who has a right to shut up this church if I don't do it? I'd like to see 'em; this church belongs to the colored people, and no white man has a right to come and shut it up if I don't. I know, seventeen years ago, Isaac (a colored man) built this church. Job and Sam helped him: and all this ground was a cypress swamp; they cut the trees and made the fence; Job put up that side, and Sam sharpened the ends of the piles. That graveyard alongside was far out in the country then. No man knows better than I that the church and all belongs to the colored people. We don't want a Mississippi man a coming here to preach; why, they have got Ben for their preacher; didn't the congregation buy him to be their minister? What on *airth* has a white minister to do with them, be damned to him?" etc.

Now we got at the story. "A Mississippi Baptist minister came and preached here, and then said to the congregation, 'If you don't give me six hundred dollars a year, I shall shut up the church'; and these poor slaves," as Mr. P. said, "could not work for their masters, give money to support the church, and six hundred dollars besides, and so the thief shut up the church, and said it was by order of the mayor. Now," Mr. P. said, "I am the officer of police, in whose care this church is, and, by God! I won't have the poor people shut out of their house, and here I am." Whereupon the negroes all shook hands with him and with me, and thanked God, and got quite excited; one old woman, like a figure of Michael Angelo's, said, "Why should we want a white preacher, isn't Benjamin white enough to take care of our souls? and if we want a whiter, we will kill one of our own members, and bleed him white enough, we want no strangers. The devil has come among us, but we'll stick together. The devil has come because we were such a pure little spot here, but we'll drive him out." Then another woman, with an Egyptian cast of countenance, said, "if Mr. P. had not opened the church, *I* should myself this morning; I came down and should have done it." Then they talked together, and the old sibyl abused the white minister who had sent the Mississippi thief to them, but the Mennonic woman said, "*It never does wrong to see the right,*" and began to excuse him. The sybil replied, "Why doesn't he follow his own preaching, and do to others as he would they should do to him?"

It was a glorious bit of drama, and I was enchanted with the officer of police and the protection shown to these poor slaves. Every one who came in shook hands with him and with me, but the minister did not arrive, so I came away, promising to go back at three in the afternoon. As I was walking down to the church at that hour, I felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and, bearing "Good afternoon, madam," I turned round and shook hands with my police friend of the morning. He told me Benjamin, the minister whom the congregation had bought, was going to preach, so in I went; he set a chair for me right in the middle of the church, opposite the pulpit, which I declined and sat on a bench. The church was crammed as full as it could hold, with about an equal number of men and women. The men were all well dressed, and looked healthy and peaceful, if not happy. A certain pathetic expression of resignation was the prevailing expression, which changed to radiant merriment the instant any occasion was presented. The women were handsomely dressed, some of the young ones in fine bonnets, but the greater part had their heads covered with the regular negro handkerchief of red or yellow, and a very picturesque and impressive congregation they made.

After some hymns and a short prayer, Benjamin began his sermon from a text in John, describing the love and justice of Christ. Benjamin is, I should think, a pure black man; I could detect no trace of white blood in him, but I am often mistaken. His voice is agreeable, and manner good, his age I should guess about twenty-five. He put on a huge pair of white rimmed spectacles; I suspect they prevented him from seeing, but he thought they looked reverend. He began to preach in rather a sing-song way, without much that was remarkable, but gradually warmed, until at the end of an hour he became quite eloquent; it is a fact that I listened to him for more than an hour and thought it was twenty minutes. It is impossible for me to write down any sentences which will give you an idea of the impression his sermon made upon me, because so much of that impression came from time, place, the exact adaptation of his sermon to his hearers, and my *rapport* at that time with them. He said "God had brought them together again, how deeply thankful they were, how Christ was waiting for all hearts—rich, poor, black, white, he wanted all. Come, come at once, before Christ there is no slave nor free, Christ is just. When I say free, I do not speak of freedom here below in the body, I do not meddle with slavery, for I believe what is done must be done, but I speak of our freedom, sisters and brothers, our freedom of soul, our equality in Christ." Then he gave a description of the love of Mary for her son; what a good kind mother she was, and how on that cold dark morning she went out to look for his body, and, because it was so dark, mistook her beloved son for the gardener,* and then he told very vividly the whole story of the resurrection. "And what has he done? Why, he nailed our *paper of freedom* on his cross. And he, the same, the same good kind King, Friend, Father, Savior, will receive us all. Not another Christ, but our own Christ. And all who know him, who have been *borned* again are *gwine* to him, the old Friend. Now, my brothers